This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

2Y4 F

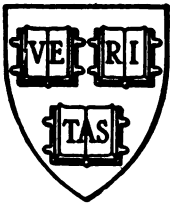
DAL 1724.9.6

Harrison
Alice in wonderland

Digitized by Google

DA2 1724.9.6

*



Harvard College Library

FROM

Walter H. Baker & Co.

Boston

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Price 25 Cents

Children's Plays

Alice in Wonderland

CHICAGO
THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY

Digitized by Google

Practical Instructions for Private Theatricals

By W. D. EMERSON

Author of "A Country Romance," "The Unknown Rival," "Humble Pie," etc.

Price, 35 cents

Here is a practical hand-book, describing in detail all the accessories, properties, scenes and apparatus necessary for an amateur production. In addition to the descriptions in words, everything is clearly shown in the numerous pictures, more than one hundred being inserted in the book. No such useful book has ever been offered to the amateur players of any country.

CONTENTS

Chapter I. **Introductory Remarks.**

Chapter II. **Stage, How to Make, etc.** In drawing-rooms or parlors, with sliding or hinged doors. In a single large room. The Curtain; how to attach it, and raise it, etc.

Chapter III. **Arrangement of Scenery.** How to hang it. Drapery, tormentors, wings, borders, drops.

Chapter IV. **Box Scenes.** Center door pieces, plain wings, door wings, return pieces, etc.

Chapter V. **How to Light the Stage.** Oil, gas and electric light. Footlights, Sidelights, Reflectors. How to darken the stage, etc.

Chapter VI. **Stage Effects.** Wind, Rain, Thunder, Breaking Glass, Falling Buildings, Snow, Water, Waves, Cascades, Passing Trains, Lightning, Chimes, Sound of Horses' Hoofs, Shots.

Chapter VII. **Scene Painting.**

Chapter VIII. A Word to the Property Man.

Chapter IX. To the Stage Manager.

Chapter X. The Business Manager.

Address Orders to

THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Digitized by Google

ALICE IN WONDERLAND

A PLAY FOR CHILDREN
IN THREE ACTS

DRAMATIZED BY

MRS. BURTON HARRISON

WITH TABLEAUX, SONGS AND DANCES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY

JOHN TENNIEL

CHICAGO AND NEW YORK
THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Digitized by Google

DAL1724.3.6
*
HARVARD COLLEGE
APR 22 1922
LIBRARY

Copyright 1898
By R. H. RUSSELL & SON
All Rights Reserved.

Digitized by Google

CHARACTERS.

ALICE.
THE QUEEN OF HEARTS.
THE DUCHESS.
THE COOK.
FOUR FAIRIES.
SIX LADIES OF THE COURT.
DORMOUSE.
THE CHESHIRE CAT.
THE HATTER.
THE WHITE RABBIT.
THE MARCH HARE.
THE KING OF HEARTS.
THE KNAVE OF HEARTS.
THE EXECUTIONER.
THE GRYPHON.
THE MOCK TURTLE.
SIX GENTLEMEN OF COURT.
GUARDS, PAGES.

COSTUMES.

After Tenniel's illustrations in *The Adventures of Alice in Wonderland.*

OVERTURE.

From Mendelssohn's *Midsummer-Night's Dream.*

Digitized by Google

TO THE AUTHOR OF ALICE IN WONDERLAND.

ONCE upon a time, some kind ladies who had in charge a nursery full of ailing children, sent from poor homes to be cured of many ills, asked her who has here put your beloved dream-story into acting shape, for something that amateurs might play for the benefit of their hospital. What follows is the result It is offered to you, sir, with the hope that such harm as may have come to your immortal Alice, through alien handling, may be pardoned "in the cause."

NEW YORK, December, 18—

Digitized by Google

ALICE IN WONDERLAND.

ACT I.

A Wood in Wonderland.

TABLEAU.

ALICE *asleep.* *Chorus and dance of fairies.*

[*Chorus of fairies by* SAVILE CLARKE.]

Sleep, maiden, sleep, as we circle around thee,
Lulled by the music of bird and of bee;
Safe in the forest, since fairies have found thee
Here when we came to keep tryst by the tree.

Sleep, Alice, sleep! these are magical numbers,
Songs that we learnt from the mount and the stream;
Ours be the task to keep watch o'er thy slumbers.
Wake, Alice, wake to the Wonderland dream.

[*They unite their wands over sleeping child.* *Exeunt fairies.*

ALICE (*as if arising from a fall*). Good gracious me, I thought I was going to keep on falling for a week! After this I shall think nothing of tumbling downstairs. Why, I don't believe I'd mention it at home if I fell off the house-top now. It all began by chasing after that funny little rabbit. A white rabbit, he was, with pink eyes; and as he ran by me I saw him take a watch out of his waistcoat pocket. Perhaps you don't believe me. I'm not sure that I believe myself. But he did; I saw him. He said, "Oh, dear, I'll be too late!" Of course there was nothing for me to do but to run after him, and when he popped into the rabbit hole under our hedge I popped too; down I fell, and here I am!

It's a pretty place. I wonder what latitude and longitude I've got to. Maybe it is the other end of the earth—the an-an-tipathies. That don't sound right. I'm glad there is no one listening. I'll have to ask somebody. Please, ma'am (*drops courtesy*), is this the—antigua—antediluvian—an—oh, it's worse every time! Perhaps I'll see it written up somewhere. (*Peers into corners, and goes up centre.*) Not a single

Digitized by Google

sign-board. Not a soul to ask. When it comes to having nobody to answer questions, I'm in a dreadfully bad way. If somebody would only tell me a story I shouldn't feel so lonesome. But of course there's nobody at the antipathies that I'm acquainted with. I believe I'll say the multiplication-table. Four times five is twelve, four times six is thirteen, four times seven is—oh, dear, I shall never get to twenty! I'll try geography. London is the capital of Paris, and Paris is the capital of Rome—no, I don't believe it is. What's the matter with me? Anyhow, I'll say my little piece.

[*Takes attitude of child reciting.*

How doth the little crocodile
Improve his shining tail,
And pour the waters of the Nile
On every golden scale.

Ha! ha! ha! that's funny!

How cheerfully he seems to grin,
How neatly spread his claws,
And welcome little fishes in
With gently smiling jaws.

Ha! ha! ha! I don't mean to be, but I'm getting funnier.

Enter WHITE RABBIT, *skurrying across stage, gloves and fan in hand.*

WHITE RABBIT. Oh, the Queen, the Queen! Won't she be savage if I've kept her waiting!

ALICE (*exclamation of delight*). Oh, White Rabbit, White Rabbit! Do stop and speak to me.

[WHITE RABBIT *jumps, drops gloves and fan, runs about stage like rabbit,* ALICE *after him. He dodges out.*

ALICE (*takes up fan and gloves, and fans herself*). Who's the Queen, I wonder? Is this her fan? How grand I feel, fanning myself with a Queen's fan, to be sure!

Enter WHITE RABBIT, *looking about on ground.*

WHITE RABBIT. Oh, the Queen, the Queen! Oh, my dear paws! Oh, my fur and whiskers! She'll have me executed as sure as ferrets are ferrets.

ALICE (*behind tree*). I won't frighten the poor little thing again. (*Throws gloves.*)

Digitized by Google

Here they are, Mr. Rabbit.

WHITE RABBIT (*jumps*). Oh, my whiskers! Wherever did they drop from? Now where's the fan?

ALICE (*puts hand out with fan*). Here it is, Mr. Rabbit.

WHITE RABBIT (*jumps*). What a monstrous hand! (*Snatches fan.*) I'm all over in a shiver. I'll run home and tell Mary Ann about it before I go to Court.

[*Exit* WHITE RABBIT.

ALICE (*coming out*). How very funny to be waiting on a rabbit! I suppose my kitten will be sending me on errands next. Then it 'll be, "Come, Miss Alice, and get ready for your walk." "In a minute, Nurse; I've only got to watch this mouse hole till Dinah comes back, and take care that her mouse don't get away."

Enter DUCHESS, *followed by* COOK, *throwing plates and kitchen implements.* COOK *carries a large pepper cruet in her hand.*

DUCHESS (*to* COOK). Get out of that, you impudent old thing, or I'll stand you in the corner for a week! [*Exit* COOK.] (*To* ALICE.) You can't think how glad I am to see you, dear. Such a time as we've been having at our house! What with the pepper in the soup, and Cook in such a temper, and the baby sneezing and howling so—why, he sneezed until Cook had to throw two saucepan lids at him to keep him quiet.

ALICE. Did it keep him quiet?

DUCHESS. If you'll believe me, he sneezed louder than before. Would you like to hear the song I sang to him?

ALICE. Oh, do, please.

DUCHESS.

I.

Speak roughly to your little boy,
And beat him when he sneezes;
He only does it to annoy,
Because he knows it teases.

Chorus of Sneezes.

Digitized by Google

II.

I speak severely to my boy,
I beat him when he sneezes.
For he can thoroughly enjoy
The pepper when he pleases.

Chorus of Sneezes.

ALICE. It is a very pretty song, but I don't exactly think baby could have liked it. Well, what did he do then?

DUCHESS. He? .Oh, he turned into a pig.

ALICE (*looking at* DUCHESS *pensively*). If he had grown up, he might have made an ugly child—not that it matters, if he's healthy, don't you see; and he must have made a very handsome pig. Oh, I hope she's not offended.

DUCHESS (*walking up and down*). If everybody minded their own business, the world would go round a deal faster than it does.

[*Walks* ALICE *around arm in arm, till* ALICE *is dizzy.*

ALICE (*breathless*). What work it would make with the days and nights! You see, the earth takes twenty-four hours to turn upon its axis.

DUCHESS. Talking of axes—chop off his head!

ALICE. The pig's head?

DUCHESS. His head, your head, everybody's head! Just wait till you see the Queen, that's all. Oh, here's my cat!

Enter CHESHIRE CAT.

CAT. Good-morning, ladies. Fine day. I hope I see you well. [*Grins.*

ALICE. Oh, Duchess, what a funny cat you've got! Dinah's nothing to him. Pray why does he grin like that?

DUCHESS. Because he's a Cheshire Cat, and the moral of that is, "Be happy while you're young and beautiful."

ALICE (*aside*). How fond she is of finding morals in everything! She doesn't look clever, but I suppose she is.

DUCHESS. Right, as usual, my dear, and the moral of that is, Be what you would seem to be; or if you'd like it put more simply, never imagine yourself not to be otherwise than what it might appear to others that what you were or might have been was not otherwise than what you had been would have appeared to them to be otherwise.

Digitized by Google

ALICE. Goodness!

DUCHESS. And the moral of that is, Take care of the sense, and the sounds will take care of themselves.

ALICE. I wish you'd write it down. I can't exactly understand it as it is.

DUCHESS. Oh, that's nothing to what I might say, if I chose! Is it, Cheshire Cat?

CAT (*who has climbed up in tree*). Don't bother me. I'm going to take a rest.

DUCHESS. He's dreadfully disrespectful, isn't he? but the pepper got into his temper. Don't mind; he'll come all right again, and the moral of that is—

ALICE. Please never mind the moral.

CAT (*looking off scene*). I see the Queen out walking with the Court. She'll be here in a minute.

DUCHESS (*terrified*). Where? where? Let me run home before she gets here. [*Exit in confusion.*

CAT (*grins*). That fetched her. I thought it would.

ALICE (*grinning again*). He looks good-humored now. Please, Cheshire Puss, could you tell me which way I ought to go from here?

CAT. That depends upon where you want to go.

ALICE. I don't care much where.

CAT. Then it doesn't matter which way you go—

ALICE. So long as I get somewhere.

CAT. Oh! You're sure to do that, if you walk long enough. By-the-way, who are you?

ALICE. What a free-and-easy cat! I'm glad Dinah isn't here to get demoralized. I—I—hardly know, sir. I used to know, but nothing is the way I used to know it.

CAT. Explain yourself.

ALICE. I can't, because I'm not myself, you see.

CAT. I don't see.

ALICE. It's all so confusing.

CAT. It isn't.

ALICE (*ready to cry*). He's the rudest thing I ever saw. I won't stay here another minute to be treated so. [*Turns to go.*

CAT. Come back. I've something of the utmost importance to say to you.

ALICE. What is it?

CAT. Keep your temper.

Digitized by Google

ALICE (*crying*). You—you—you're another, and I'll tell my mother on you. See if I don't.

CAT. Don't get huffy. Tell me some of the things you can't remember.

ALICE. I tried "How doth the little busy bee," and it came out all about a crocodile.

CAT. Try "You are old, Father William."

ALICE (*repeats*).

"You are old, Father William," the young man said,
"And your hair has become very white;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head—
Do you think, at your age, it is right?"

"In my youth," Father William replied to his son,
"I feared it might injure the brain;
But now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,
Why, I do it again and again."

"You are old," said the youth, "as I mentioned before,
And have grown most uncommonly fat;
Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door—
Pray what is the reason of that?"

"In my youth," said the sage, as he shook his gray locks,
"I kept all my limbs very supple
By the use of this ointment—one shilling the box—
Allow me to sell you a couple?"

Digitized by Google

"You are old," said the youth, "and your jaws are too weak
For anything tougher than suet;
Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the beak—
Pray how did you manage to do it?"

"In my youth," said his father, "I took to the law,
And argued each case with my wife;
And the muscular strength which it gave to my jaw
Has lasted the rest of my life."

"You are old," said the youth; "one would hardly suppose
That your eye was as steady as ever;
Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose—
What made you so awfully clever?"

"I have answered three questions, and that is enough,"
Said his father; "don't give yourself airs.
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?
Be off, or I'll kick you down stairs!"

CAT (*applauds*). That's every bit wrong.

ALICE (*despairingly*). I knew it.

CAT. Then why didn't you say so?

ALICE. I mean I knew I didn't know it.

CAT. That's worse nonsense than anything you've said yet, and that's saying a good deal.

ALICE. Oh dear, the creature's so unpleasant! I'll ask him one more question. Please, will you tell me what sort of people live in this country?

CAT (*waves right paw*). In that direction lives a Hatter. (*Waves left paw.*) In that direction lives a March Hare. Both of them are mad.

ALICE. I don't want to go there, then. I'm afraid of mad people.

CAT. You can't help yourself. We're all mad here. I'm mad. The Duchess is mad. You're mad.

ALICE. I'm not.

CAT. You must be, or you wouldn't be here. By-the-way, are you going to dance in the Queen's quadrille to-day?

ALICE. No; but I'd love to, if I only were invited.

CAT. You'll see me there. [*Vanishes.*

ALICE. Where is he? Well, I believe I'll call on the March Hare. I've seen hatters before. As long as this is May, he mayn't be raving mad.

CAT (*reappearing*). By-the-way, what happened to the baby?

ALICE. It turned into a pig.

CAT. I thought it would. [*Vanishes.*

Digitized by Google

ALICE. He's gone again. I'm glad of it. He's the most uncivil cat I ever met.

CAT (*reappears*). Did you say pig or fig?

ALICE. P-i-g, pig!

CAT. All right. Don't forget to keep your temper.

[*Vanishes, leaving grin.*

ALICE. Well, I've seen a cat without a grin before, but a grin without a cat— What's that?

[*Fanfare of trumpets. Enter procession of Court Cards:* KING *and* QUEEN OF HEARTS *and train;* Gardeners *carrying spades;* Soldiers *carrying clubs;* Courtiers, *diamonds;* Court ladies, *hearts.* WHITE RABBIT *walking backward.* KNAVE OF HEARTS *carries* KING'S *crown on cushion;* KING *and* QUEEN, Pages *carrying train.*

QUEEN (*looking at* ALICE). Who is this?

KNAVE OF HEARTS. Please, your Majesty, she's a stranger in these parts.

Digitized by Google

QUEEN. Idiot! What's your name, girl, and what business have you near my Court? Don't you know it's a punishable offence?

ALICE. My name was Alice yesterday, please your Majesty, and I don't remember how I came.

QUEEN. Oh, you don't remember? Well, nobody remembers here. If you had remembered, I should have had your head cut off upon the spot.

Enter CHESHIRE CAT. *Gets behind* ALICE.

CAT (*aside*). Don't be afraid of 'em, my dear; they're only a pack of cards.

ALICE (*to* QUEEN). You're talking nonsense.

QUEEN (*in a fury*). Off with her head!

ALICE. Off with your heads, you mean. Why, I could cut the whole pack of you as quick as eat my supper.

[*Movement in Court. Each gets behind the other in a row.* KING *gets behind* QUEEN.

KING. Don't anger her, my love. She's a dangerous character. Ask her to dance in your quadrille.

QUEEN. Who said I wasn't going to, stupid?

KING. Ask her first what's that she's talking to. I don't like the looks of it. [CAT *stares at* KING.

QUEEN. What is that singular object you have behind you, Alice?

ALICE. It's a Cheshire Cat, your Majesty, a friend of mine. Allow me to introduce him.

KING. I'd rather not. He stares so.

ALICE. A cat may look at a king, I've always heard.

KING. In that case he may kiss my hand if he likes.

CAT. I'd rather not.

KING. He's too impertinent for anything. My dear (*to* QUEEN), will you kindly have this creature's head removed?

QUEEN (*stamps*). Off with his head.

[Guards *and* Executioner *advance to seize* CAT. *He disappears, leaving grin.*

QUEEN (*to* Executioner). Off with his head, I tell you, or you'll lose your own.

EXECUTIONER (*slowly, and scratching his head*). Well, your Majesty, you can't adzackly cut a head off unless there's a body

Digitized by Google

to cut it off of. It's the first time I've been called upon to do such a thing afore—and at my time o' life I ain't a-goin' to begin. [*Throws down axe.*

QUEEN. Seize him, guards!

[Guards *carry off* Executioner.

QUEEN. Now if somebody don't find that cat for me in less than no time, I'll have everybody's head off.

[*Exeunt Court, in confusion. All feel their necks, and put on mufflers, etc.*

ALICE. Perhaps the Duchess can produce her. He belongs to her.

QUEEN. The Duchess? Of course. That woman's always making mischief. I ordered her to stay at home to-day, because the last time I dined there, she put too much pepper in the soup. She'd do anything to spite me. White Rabbit!

[WHITE RABBIT *prostrates himself before her.*

QUEEN. Go to the Duchess's and bring her here at once.

[WHITE RABBIT *bows and goes off.*

WHITE RABBIT (*aside*). Oh, my fur and whiskers! What an opportunity to serve the being I adore!

ALICE (*aside*). He's in love with the Duchess. I couldn't think what made the poor little fellow so limp. (*To* QUEEN.) If your Majesty will take my advice you'll let the Cheshire Cat alone. He has the worst manners of any cat I ever knew.

Enter WHITE RABBIT *leading* DUCHESS.

WHITE RABBIT. Be strong, my love, be brave. Even if she condemns you to prison I will find a way to free you.

DUCHESS. Yes, we will fly together, only save my head.

WHITE RABBIT. There is only one little thing. If we fly, I would like to suggest that you leave the Cook and the Cat and the Baby and the pepper cruet behind.

DUCHESS. Anything you like, only away from her. She cut off my last husband's head for sneezing in her presence.

QUEEN (*perceiving* DUCHESS). Oh, you're there, are you? What have you got to say about that Cat?

DUCHESS (*cringing*). He's an odd creature, your Majesty. Quite original. Only a moment since he came running in to say that he had seen you looking as lovely as a dream.

QUEEN (*flattered*). Not at all odd. A very clever cat. He's pardoned. Everybody's pardoned. Go, White Rabbit, and tell

Digitized by Google

the Court they will not lose their heads.

[*Exit* WHITE RABBIT.

KING. I'm glad to hear it, love. You were depopulating our dominions.

QUEEN. As for you, you are a blundering old goose.

[*Slaps him.*

KING (*rubs cheek carefully*). You always were a woman of spirit, my love! Come, now, don't you think it's time to have our dance?

Enter Courtiers. *All select partners.* QUEEN *and* KING *face* DUCHESS *and* WHITE RABBIT. *All dance around* ALICE, *and at end* CAT *reappears at back.*

CAT. Did you say pig or fig?

[*Excitement. All pursue* CAT, *who eludes them and vanishes, leaving grin.*

Tableau.

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

THE MAD TEA PARTY.

Cottage with tree; long tea table set out beneath it. Arm-chair at one end. Huge teapot, cups and saucers, bread and butter. MARCH HARE *and* HATTER *sitting at one end, with* DORMOUSE *between them asleep, their elbows on his back.*

Enter ALICE, *bowing politely.*

MARCH HARE and HATTER (*together*). No room! No room!

ALICE (*indignantly, placing herself in a large chair*). There's plenty of room!

MARCH HARE (*politely*). Have some wine?

ALICE (*looking up and down table*). I don't see any wine.

MARCH HARE. There isn't any.

ALICE (*angrily*). Then it wasn't very civil in you to offer it.

MARCH HARE. It wasn't very civil in you to sit down without being invited.

ALICE. I didn't know it was your table. It's laid for a great many more than three.

Digitized by Google

HATTER (*who has been gazing curiously all this time at* ALICE). Your hair wants cutting.

ALICE (*severely*). You should learn not to make personal remarks. It's very rude.

HATTER (*staring*). Why is a raven like a writing-desk?

ALICE (*aside*). Come, we shall have some fun now. I'm glad they've begun asking riddles. (*Aloud.*) I believe I can guess that.

MARCH HARE. Do you mean you believe you can find out the answer to it?

ALICE. Exactly so.

MARCH HARE (*sharply*). Then you should say what you mean.

ALICE. I do. At least—at least, I mean what I say. That's the same thing, you know.

HATTER (*suddenly*). Not the same thing a bit. Why, you might just as well say that I see what I eat is the same thing as I eat what I see.

MARCH HARE (*briskly*). You might just as well say that I like what I get is the same as I get what I like.

DORMOUSE (*talking in sleep*). You might just as well say that I breathe when I sleep is the same thing as I sleep when I breathe.

HATTER (*cuffing* DORMOUSE). It is the same thing with you.

Digitized by Google

ALICE (*to herself*). I must think over all I can remember about ravens and writing-desks—but it isn't much.

HATTER (*who has taken his watch out, and looks at it uneasily, shaking it and holding it to his ear*). What day of the month is it?

ALICE (*considering*). The fourth.

HATTER (*with a deep sigh*). Two days wrong! (*Angrily to* MARCH HARE.) I told you butter wouldn't suit the works!

MARCH HARE (*meekly*). It was the best butter.

HATTER (*grumbling*). Yes, but some crumbs must have got into the works as well. You shouldn't have put it in with the bread-knife.

MARCH HARE (*takes watch, looks at it gloomily, dips it in his cup of tea, puts it to his ear, looks at it again, and repeats*). It was the best butter, you know.

ALICE (*looking on curiously*). What a funny watch! It tells the day of the month, and doesn't tell what o'clock it is!

HATTER. Why should it? Does your watch tell what year it is?

ALICE (*readily*). Of course not; but that's because it stays the same year for such a long time together.

HATTER (*concisely*). Which is just the case with mine.

ALICE (*aside*). I'm dreadfully puzzled. The Hatter's remark seems to me to have no sort of meaning, yet it's certainly English. (*Aloud.*) I don't quite understand you.

HATTER. That Dormouse is asleep again. Let's pour a little hot tea on his nose. [*Action.*

DORMOUSE (*without opening eyes, shaking head impatiently*). Of course, of course; just what I was going to remark myself.

HATTER (*abruptly to* ALICE). Have you guessed that riddle yet?

ALICE. I give it up. What's the answer?

HATTER. I haven't the slightest idea.

MARCH HARE. Nor I.

ALICE (*wearily sighing*). I think you might do something better with the time than waste it in asking riddles that have no answers.

HATTER. If you knew Time as well as I do you wouldn't talk about wasting it. It's him.

ALICE. I don't know what you mean.

HATTER (*contemptuously*). Of course you don't. I dare say you never even spoke to Time.

Digitized by Google

ALICE (*cautiously*). Perhaps not; but I know I have to beat time when I learn music.

HATTER. Oh, that accounts for it. He won't stand beating. Now, if you only kept on good terms with him, he'd do almost anything you liked with the clock. For instance, suppose it were nine o'clock in the morning, just time to begin lessons. You'd only have to whisper a hint to Time, and round goes the clock in a twinkling! Half past one, time for dinner!

MARCH HARE (*in loud whisper*). I only wish it was!

ALICE (*thoughtfully*). That would be grand, certainly, but then—I shouldn't be hungry for it, you know.

HATTER. Not at first, perhaps, but you could keep it half-past one as long as you liked.

ALICE. Is that the way you manage?

HATTER (*mournfully*). Not I; we quarrelled last March just before he went mad, you know (*pointing with teaspoon to* MARCH HARE). It was at the great concert given by the Queen of Hearts, and I had to sing: [*Rises to sing.*

"Twinkle, twinkle, little bat,
How I wonder what you're at."

You know the song, perhaps?

ALICE (*doubtfully*). I've heard something like it.

HATTER. It goes on, you know, in this way:

"Up above the world you fly,
Like a tea-tray in the sky.
Twinkle, twinkle—"

(*All in chorus.*)

"Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle."

HATTER. Well, I'd hardly finished the first verse when the Queen bawled out, "Off with his head! He's murdering Time!"

ALICE. How dreadfully savage!

HATTER (*mournfully wiping his eyes with his napkin*). And ever since that, Time won't do a thing I ask! It's always six o'clock now.

ALICE (*eagerly*). And that's the reason so many tea-things are put out here?

HATTER (*sighs dejectedly*). Yes, that's it. It's always tea-time, and we've no time to wash the things between whiles.

ALICE. Then you keep moving round, I suppose?

HATTER. Exactly so, as the things get used up.

Digitized by Google

ALICE. But what happens when you come back to the beginning?

MARCH HARE (*yawns*). Suppose we change the subject. I'm getting tired of this. I vote the young lady tells us a story.

ALICE (*in alarm*). I'm afraid I don't know one.

HATTER and MARCH HARE (*together*). Then the Dormouse shall! Wake up, Dormouse. [*They both pinch it at once.*

DORMOUSE (*slowly*). I wasn't asleep. I heard every word you fellows were saying.

MARCH HARE. Tell us a story.

ALICE. Yes, please do.

HATTER. And be quick about it, or you'll be asleep again before it's done.

DORMOUSE (*hurriedly*). Once upon a time there were three little sisters, and their names were Elsie, Lacie, and Tillie, and they lived at the bottom of a well—

ALICE. What did they live on?

DORMOUSE (*ponders*). They lived on molasses.

ALICE (*gently*). They couldn't have done that, you know. They'd have been ill.

DORMOUSE. So they were ill!

ALICE (*much puzzled*). But why did they live at the bottom of a well?

MARCH HARE (*to* ALICE). Take some more tea, do.

ALICE (*offended*). I haven't had any yet, so I can't take more.

HATTER. You mean you can't take less. It's very easy to take more than nothing.

ALICE. Nobody asked your opinion.

HATTER (*in triumph*). Who's making personal remarks now?

ALICE (*helps herself to tea and bread and butter*). Dormouse, why did they live at the bottom of a well?

Digitized by Google

DORMOUSE (*ponders again*). It was a molasses well.

ALICE (*angrily*). There's no such thing.

HATTER and MARCH HARE. 'Sh! 'Sh!

[*Gesticulations enjoining silence.*

DORMOUSE (*sulkily*). If you can't be civil, you'd better finish the story for yourself.

ALICE (*humbly*). No, please go on! I won't interrupt you again. I dare say there may be one molasses well.

DORMOUSE (*scornfully*). One, indeed! And so, these three little sisters—they were learning to draw, you know—

ALICE. What did they draw?

DORMOUSE. Molasses!

HATTER (*rises*). I want a clean cup. Let's all move one place on.

[*He moves on from seat to seat all round the table. The others follow him till they come back again to seat beyond* HATTER'S *first place.* DORMOUSE *gets* HATTER'S *place,* MARCH HARE *gets* DORMOUSE'S, *and* ALICE *gets* MARCH HARE'S, *who has upset milk-jug into his plate.*

ALICE (*when peace is restored*). But, Dormouse, I didn't understand. Where did they draw the molasses from?

HATTER. You can draw water out of a water well, so I should think you could draw molasses out of a molasses well. Hey, stupid?

ALICE (*turns her back on him*). But they were in the well.

DORMOUSE. Of course they were well in.

[HATTER *and* MARCH HARE *slap their knees with approval, and cheer* DORMOUSE *enthusiastically at this.*

DORMOUSE. They were learning to draw (*gets very sleepy*), and they drew all manner of things. Everything that begins with an M—

ALICE. Why with an M?

MARCH HARE. Why not?

DORMOUSE (*half asleep—they pinch him to keep him awake*)

Digitized by Google

That begins with an M: such as mouse-traps, and the moon, and memory, and muchness (*more and more drowsy*). You know you say things are much of a muchness. (*Falls asleep, snores, and is aroused by a pinch.*) Did you ever see such a thing as a drawing of a muchness?

ALICE (*confused*). Really, now you ask me, I don't think—

HATTER. Then you should not talk.

ALICE (*springs up in disgust*). You're the rudest old thing I ever saw, and this is the stupidest tea party I ever was at in all my life!

HATTER and MARCH HARE. It's all the Dormouse's fault. Let's put him in the teapot. Up with your heels, old fellow!

[*They hoist the* DORMOUSE *between them, and are in the act of putting him head foremost in the teapot, when trumpet sounds. When they have stood* DORMOUSE *on his head in tea-pot, the* HATTER *runs to wing and looks out nervously.*

HATTER (*to* ALICE). Have you seen the Mock Turtle yet?

ALICE. No; I don't know what he is.

HATTER. It's the thing mock-turtle soup is made of.

ALICE. I never tasted—I mean I never heard of one.

HATTER. Here he comes, arm in arm with his friend the Gryphon.

ALICE. What's a gryphon?

HATTER and MARCH HARE (*together*). You don't know what a gryphon is? Well, I never!

[*They go on expressing surprise, till* ALICE *is offended.*

ALICE. You might be more polite about it. Come, what is a gryphon?

MARCH HARE. Wait till you've talked with him; maybe then you'll say he is a gruff un.

[*Groans from the* DORMOUSE *and the* HATTER.

ALICE. I hope he's no worse than the rest of you.

Digitized by Google

Enter GRYPHON *and* MOCK TURTLE *arm in arm; they exchange greetings with* MARCH HARE *and* HATTER (DORMOUSE *is asleep*), *and stare at* ALICE.

GRYPHON. Holloa! What's that new curiosity you've got here?

HATTER. Oh, she's—well, I don't know exactly; I don't believe anybody knows. Queer, isn't she?

GRYPHON (*derisively*). If I had hair like that, I'd—

[*Laughs. Indignation of* ALICE.

MOCK TURTLE. Introduce me to her, somebody.

ALICE (*shaking hands with him*). How sad he looks! I'm sure he has a history.

GRYPHON. History! I believe you. Why, it would fill a story-book. Here, steam ahead, Mock Turtle, and tell your history.

MOCK TURTLE. I'll tell it to her. Sit down, everybody, and don't speak a word till I have finished. [*They sit.*

ALICE (*after short silence*). I don't see how he can ever finish if he don't begin.

MOCK TURTLE (*sighing deeply*). Once I was a real turtle—

[*He sobs convulsively; all wipe their eyes. Silence.*

ALICE (*getting up and courtesying*). Thank you, sir, for your very interesting story.

MOCK TURTLE. It isn't done. I've only just begun.

[ALICE *sits down.*

MOCK TURTLE. When we were little we went to school in the sea. The Master was an old Turtle—we used to call him Tortoise.

ALICE. Why did you call him Tortoise if he wasn't one?

MOCK TURTLE (*angrily*). We called him Tortoise because he taught us. Really you are very dull.

GRYPHON. You ought to be ashamed of yourself for asking such a stupid question.

HATTER. Of course you ought.

MARCH HARE. I wouldn't have believed it; would you, Dormouse?

[DORMOUSE *snores.* ALICE *hangs her head.*

GRYPHON (*to* MOCK TURTLE). Drive on, old fellow. Don't be all day about it!

MOCK TURTLE. Yes, we went to school in the sea, though you

Digitized by Google

mayn't believe it—

ALICE. I never said I didn't.

MOCK TURTLE. You did. [ALICE *tries to speak.*

GRYPHON. Hold your tongue!

MOCK TURTLE (*proudly*). We had the best of educations; in fact, we went to school every day.

ALICE. You needn't be so proud as all that. I've been to day-school, too.

MOCK TURTLE (*anxiously*). With extras?

ALICE. Yes. French and music.

MOCK TURTLE. And washing?

ALICE (*indignantly*). Certainly not.

MOCK TURTLE (*greatly relieved*). Ah, then *yours* wasn't a really good school. Now, at ours they had, at the end of the bill, French, music, *and washing*, extra.

ALICE. I don't know what you wanted with washing, living at the bottom of the sea.

MOCK TURTLE (*sighing*). I couldn't afford to learn it, anyhow. I took the regular course only.

ALICE. What was that?

MOCK TURTLE. Reeling and Writhing, of course. We began with that. Then, the different branches of Arithmetic—Ambition, Distraction, Uglification, and Derision.

ALICE. Uglification?

GRYPHON. Yes, simpleton. You know what to beautify is, I s'pose?

ALICE. To—make—anything prettier, isn't it?

GRYPHON. Then to uglify is to— Oh, come! this is too much. You ought to be ashamed of yourself.

HATTER. Of course she ought.

MARCH HARE. I wouldn't have believed it; would you, Dormouse? [DORMOUSE *snores.*

ALICE (*hanging head*). Well, what else had you to learn?

MOCK TURTLE. There was Mystery, ancient and modern, with Seaography; then Drawling—the Drawling-master was an old conger-eel that used to come once a week. *He* taught us Drawling, Stretching, and Fainting in Coils.

ALICE (*aside*). That sounds exactly like something else I've heard. (*Aloud.*) How did you faint in coils?

MOCK TURTLE. I can't show you myself. I'm too stiff—and the Gryphon never learned it.

Digitized by Google

GRYPHON. Hadn't time. I went to the Classical master. He was an old crab, he was.

MOCK TURTLE. I never went to him. He taught Laughing and Grief, they used to say.

GRYPHON. So he did, so he did.

[*Both weep. All weep as before.*

ALICE. And how many hours a day did you do lessons?

MOCK TURTLE. Ten hours the first day, nine the next, and so on.

ALICE. What a curious plan!

GRYPHON. That's why they called them lessons. 'Cause they lessen from day to day.

[*He laughs gruffly; laugh goes round circle, each touching the other to make him see it.*

MARCH HARE. Joke, Dormouse, joke. Wake up and see it!

[DORMOUSE *snores.*

ALICE. Then the eleventh day must have been a holiday.

MOCK TURTLE. Of course it was.

ALICE. And how did you manage on the twelfth?

GRYPHON (*rising*). Oh, dry up, will you? That's enough about lessons. Let's talk about the games.

MOCK TURTLE (*bursting into tears*). Oh, I cannot bear it.

[*Chokes.*

[GRYPHON *slapping him on back; movement around table.* HATTER *fetches teapot to pour on him, etc.*

GRYPHON. Same as if he had a bone in his throat.

MOCK TURTLE. 'Tis the memory of my happy childhood's hours; but I'll resume. Perhaps you never lived much under water.

ALICE. Not much.

MOCK TURTLE. And perhaps you were never introduced to a Lobster?

ALICE. I once tasted—no, I once saw one. He was lying on a dish covered with bread crumbs and red pepper.

MOCK TURTLE. What use was that? They would wash off in the sea. Well, you can have no idea what fun it is to dance in a Lobster Quadrille.

Digitized by Google

ALICE. No, indeed!

MOCK TURTLE. First form in a line along the sea-shore.

GRYPHON. No; first clear away the jelly-fish.

MOCK TURTLE. Advance twice—

GRYPHON (*interrupts*). A lobster for your partner—

MOCK TURTLE. Advance twice, balance to partners—

GRYPHON. Lobsters chain—

MOCK TURTLE. Throw the—

GRYPHON (*bounding in air*). Lobsters—

MOCK TURTLE. Far out to sea as you can—

GRYPHON (*very loud*). Swim after 'em—

MOCK TURTLE (*capering*). Turn a somersault in the water—

GRYPHON (*roars*). Change lobsters!

MOCK TURTLE. Back to land again! (*stopping suddenly*)—That's all of it; wouldn't you like to see us dance it?

ALICE. Oh, that I would!

GRYPHON. All right.

MOCK TURTLE. Who'll sing?

GRYPHON (*gruffly*). You sing. I've got a little cold. Besides, I can't remember words and steps too.

[*Then they sing and dance to the following words, all joining in chorus, Will you, won't you, etc.:*

TUNE: "The Spider and the Fly."

"Will you walk a little faster?" said a whiting to a snail,
"There's a porpoise close behind us, and he's treading on my tail.
See how eagerly the lobsters and the turtles all advance!
They are waiting on the shingle—will you come and join the dance?

"Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance?

"You can really have no notion how delightful it will be
When they take us up and throw us, with the lobsters, out to sea!"
But the snail replied, "Too far, too far!" and gave a look askance—
Said he thanked the whiting kindly, but he would not join the dance.

Would not, could not, would not, could not, would not join the dance.
Would not, could not, would not, could not, could not join the dance.

"What matters it how far we go?" his scaly friend replied,
"There is another shore, you know, upon the other side.
The farther off from England the nearer is to France—
Then turn not pale, beloved snail, but come and join the dance.

"Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, *won't* you join the dance?"

HATTER. Brayvo!

MARCH HARE. Brayvo! Wake up, Dormouse, and applaud!

[DORMOUSE *applauds in sleep.*

Digitized by Google

ALICE (*to* MOCK TURTLE). I know a song about you—it's beautiful.

CHORUS. Do sing it!

ALICE (*sings*).

AIR: "Beautiful Star."

"Beautiful Soup, so rich and green,
Waiting in a hot tureen!
Who for such dainties would not stoop?
Soup of the evening, beautiful Soup!
Soup of the evening, beautiful Soup!
Beau-ootiful Soo-oop!
Beau-ootiful Soo-oop!
Soo-oop of the e-e-evening!
Beautiful, beautiful Soup!

"Beautiful Soup! Who cares for fish,
Game, or any other dish?
Who would not give all else for two p
ennyworth only of beautiful Soup?
Pennyworth only of beautiful Soup?
Beau-ootiful Soo-oop!
Beau-ootiful Soo-oop!
Soo-oop of the e-e-evening,
Beautiful, beauti-FUL SOUP!"

[*A trumpet sounds off. All start in alarm. Enter* WHITE RABBIT *and* Guards.

WHITE RABBIT. Sorry to intrude, Alice and gentlemen, but I have orders from the Queen to summon you all as witnesses to the great trial of the Knave of Hearts' case, about the stolen tarts.

ALICE. But I never heard a word of it before.

WHITE RABBIT. All the better. Just the thing they want. Close in, guards!

HATTER. Will they do anything to me?

MARCH HARE. And me?

DORMOUSE. And me?

GRYPHON. I 'ain't done nothing to nobody, have I?

MOCK TURTLE (*tragic*). I am the toy of destiny! Move on!

[*They form into a procession,* HATTER *carrying tea-cup and piece of bread and butter. Guards fall in around them.*

Tableau.

CURTAIN.

Digitized by Google

ACT III.

Hall in QUEEN'S *Palace.* KING *and* QUEEN *seated upon throne,* Courtiers *around them;* KNAVE OF HEARTS *in chains,* Guard *on either side;* WHITE RABBIT *right of* KING, *scroll in one hand, trumpet in other;* GRYPHON, MARCH HARE, MOCK TURTLE, DORMOUSE. *Table with dish of tarts centre stage.* ALICE *near* GRYPHON.

ALICE (*to* GRYPHON—*points to tarts*). I suppose those are the refreshments. I wish they'd get the trial over and hand around the tarts.

GRYPHON. 'Sh! 'Sh!

KING. Silence in the Court! Herald, where's the jury?

RABBIT. Please, your Majesty, we forgot to get any.

KING. Monstrous! There must be a jury. Provide the Gryphon and the Mock Turtle and the March Hare and the Dormouse with slates and pencils, and let them be the jury.

[RABBIT *bows, and seats the characters named upon a bench, with slates and pencils. They all fall to writing on the spot.*

ALICE (*glancing over slate*). They are writing down their own names. What a funny kind of a jury!

RABBIT. Silence in the Court!

ALICE (*still looking at slates, reads*). What a funny kind of jury! [*She laughs out.*

KING. Silence in the Court!

[ALICE *jumps. The* DORMOUSE'S *pencil squeaks upon his slate. She takes it from him, and he goes on writing with his fingers; then falls asleep.*

KING. Herald, read the accusation.

WHITE RABBIT (*blows three blasts on trumpet; then, unrolling parchment scroll, reads*).

Digitized by Google

"The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts,
All on a summer's day;
The Knave of Hearts, he stole those tarts,
And took them quite away."

KING (*to jury*). Consider your verdict.

WHITE RABBIT. Not yet, your Majesty. There's a good deal to come before that verdict.

KING. Call the first witness.

WHITE RABBIT (*three blasts on trumpet*). First witness!

HATTER (*presents himself, teacup in one hand, bread and butter in the other*). I beg pardon, your Majesty, but I hadn't quite finished my tea.

KING. Then you ought to have finished. When did you begin?

HATTER (*looking around wildly*). Fourteenth of March, I think it was.

MARCH HARE. Fifteenth.

DORMOUSE. Sixteenth.

WHITE RABBIT. Silence in the Court!

KING. Jury, write that down. [Jury *write on slates.*] (To HATTER.) Take off your hat.

HATTER. It isn't mine.

KING. Stolen! Write that, jury. [Jury *write on slates.*

HATTER. I keep them to sell. I've none of my own. I'm a hatter.

[QUEEN *puts on spectacles, leans forward, stares at* HATTER, *who fidgets dreadfully.*

KING. Give your evidence and don't be nervous, or I'll have you executed on the spot.

[QUEEN *stares,* HATTER *bites a piece out of cup, spills tea, etc.*

QUEEN (*to* KING). Stop talking for a minute, won't you? (*To* OFFICER). Bring me a list of singers in the last Court concert

Digitized by Google

[OFFICER *bows and goes off. Returning with scroll.*
HATTER *trembles and shakes his shoes off.*

KING. Give your evidence, or I'll execute you, whether you are nervous or not.

HATTER. I'm a poor man, your Majesty—and I hadn't but just begun my tea—not above a week or so—and what with the bread and butter getting so thin, and the twinkling of the tea—

KING. The twinkling of what?

HATTER. It began with the tea.

KING. Of course twinkling begins with a T. You take me for a dunce. Go on.

HATTER. I'm a poor man—and most things twinkled after that. Only the March Hare said—

MARCH HARE. I didn't.

HATTER. You did.

MARCH HARE. You're another.

WHITE RABBIT. Silence in the Court!

HATTER. After that I cut some more bread and butter, and the Dormouse said— (*Looks round anxiously.*)

[DORMOUSE *snores.*

KING. What did the Dormouse say?

HATTER. That I can't remember.

KING. You must remember, or I'll remember to have your head cut off.

HATTER (*going down on knees*). I'm a poor man, your Majesty.

KING. You're a poor speaker.

DORMOUSE (*waking up and cheering*). Hear! Hear!

KING. Suppress that Dormouse somebody.

[OFFICER OF COURT *pops bag over* DORMOUSE'S *head like extinguisher.*

ALICE. I'm glad I've seen that done, your Majesty. I've often read in newspapers how when there was an attempt at applause it was immediately suppressed by the officers of the Court.

KING. That's irrelevant. Hatter, stand down.

HATTER. I can't, your Majesty; I'm on the floor now.

KING. Then sit down.

MOCK TURTLE (*cheers*). Hurray! Hurray!

KING. Suppress that juryman.

[OFFICER OF COURT *puts bag on* MOCK TURTLE.

Digitized by Google

QUEEN (*who has been reading long list on paper*). Stop there, Hatter. *I* thought so. You're a pretty fellow, aren't you? Who murdered Time when he sang at my last concert? Off with his head!

HATTER (*on knees*). Have mercy! have mercy, your Majesty! It was the tea went to my head.

QUEEN. Then I sentence you to never touch another drop of tea.

HATTER. Worse and worser. Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo!

QUEEN. And to dance a hornpipe for the Court.

HATTER. I can't, your Majesty; I've got a bone in my leg.

KING. Obey!

[*Music; dance.* HATTER *finally falls exhausted, and is picked up, carried to seat, and extinguisher clapped on his head.*

KING. Call the next witness.

WHITE RABBIT. Next witness.

Enter COOK, *pepper-box in hand. Everybody falls to sneezing.*

KING (*sneezing*). Give your evidence.

COOK. Sha'n't.

KING. That sounds rather like sauce. Hum! my dear, sauce from a Cook; not bad, is it?

QUEEN (*snappishly*). Sauce for a gander!

KING. Hum! hum! Now what am I to do next?

ALICE. He's perfectly idiotic.

WHITE RABBIT. Try cross-examining her, your Majesty.

KING. Be very cross, you mean. All right. Answer me, minion, or your life shall pay the forfeit. What are tarts made of?

COOK (*shaking cruet; everybody sneezes*). Pepper, mostly.

DORMOUSE (*holding up hand*). I know, teacher. It's molasses.

QUEEN. Collar that Dormouse! Behead that Dormouse! Turn that Dormouse out of Court! Suppress him! Pinch him! Off with his whiskers! [DORMOUSE *is taken out of Court.*

KING (*sneezing violently*). The witness may go. I have fully cross-examined her, and the testimony is taken down.

COOK (*waving pepper-box*). You are a nice King, aren't you? I could make a better one out of a lump of dough.

QUEEN (*sneezing*). Off with her head!

[COOK *is taken out of Court.*

Digitized by Google

KING (*sneezing*). Really, my dear, you ought to cross-examine the next witness. It makes my forehead ache.

WHITE RABBIT. Next witness—Alice!

ALICE. Here.

[*She upsets Jury, one falling upon another, also several of the Courtiers, then sets them on their feet again.*

ALICE. Oh, I beg your pardon! They're exactly like my goldfish, that I spilled last week.

KING (*severely*). What do you know about this unfortunate affair?

ALICE. Nothing.

KING. Nothing whatever?

ALICE. Nothing whatever.

KING. That's very important. Write it on your slates, jurymen.

WHITE RABBIT (*aside*). Unimportant, you mean, your Majesty.

KING. Unimportant, of course I meant—write it down anyhow. Consider your verdict.

(*To* JURY.)

WHITE RABBIT. Wait a minute, your Majesty. Here's a set of verses, picked up in the Court.

KING. Are they in the prisoner's handwriting?

WHITE RABBIT. No, they're not. That's the queerest thing about it.

[Jury *look puzzled.*

KING. He must have imitated somebody else's handwriting.

[Jury *brighten up.*

KNAVE OF HEARTS. Please, your Majesty. If I may speak a word in my own defence. I didn't write it, and there's no name signed at the end.

KING. That only makes the matter worse. If you hadn't meant some mischief you'd have signed it, like an honest man.

[*All clap hands.*

QUEEN. That's the first clever thing you've said to-day, my dear. It proves the creature's guilt. Catch me going down into

Digitized by Google

the kitchen to roll out pastry, on a broiling day like this, for him to steal, the villain!

ALICE. Until you read the verses, how do you know what they are about?

KING. Read them, White Rabbit.

WHITE RABBIT (*puts on glasses*). Where shall I begin, your Majesty?

KING. Begin at the beginning, and go on till you reach the end—then stop.

[WHITE RABBIT *steps to centre with the air of a public performer—clears throat, shrugs, adjusts glasses, etc., then reads as follows. While the verses are reading, the* QUEEN'S *gestures are imitated by her ladies, the* KING'S *by his gentlemen.*

They told me you had been to her,
And mentioned me to him;
She gave me a good character,
And said I could not swim.

KING. Hold on. That means me. I can't swim. What do you mean by presuming to give me a good character, you audacious scoundrel?

QUEEN. Off with his head!

WHITE RABBIT.

He sent them word I had not gone;
We knew it to be true.
If she should push the matter on—

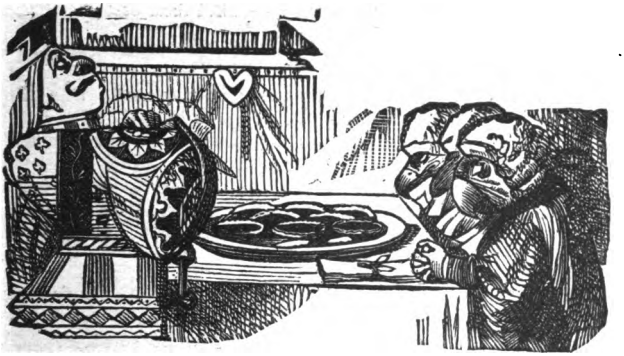
KING. You'll push the matter on, my dear. Do you hear that?

WHITE RABBIT.

What would become of you?

[*General solicitude for* QUEEN.

Digitized by Google



If I or she should chance to be
Involved in this affair,
He trusts to you to let them free,
Exactly as they were.

KING. I'll let him free, the rascal!
WHITE RABBIT.

My notion was that you had been,
Before she had this fit—

KING. Hum! What's that? You never had fits, had you, my love?
QUEEN (*furiously—aims sceptre at* KING). Never!
KING (*dodging*). Then the word don't fit you.

[*Dead silence.*

(*Angrily.*) That's a pun!

[*All laugh convulsively.*

WHITE RABBIT (*continues*).

—Before she had this fit,
An obstacle that came between
Him and ourselves and it.

[*Mystery to audience.*

Digitized by Google

Don't let him know she liked them best;
For this must ever be
A secret kept from all the rest
Between yourselves and me.

QUEEN. I knew there was a woman in the case. She liked them best, did she? Who is she, I'd like to know? The Duchess, I'll be bound! Order the Duchess to come here immediately.

[*Exit Guards, returning with* DUCHESS. *At sight of her,* WHITE RABBIT *starts, claps his hands, and when she falls on her knees, seems about to interrupt.*

QUEEN. Don't try to defend yourself. Your guilt is fully established. So that creature stole my tarts for you to eat, did he?

KNAVE OF HEARTS (*sarcastically*). If I went to stealing, I'd do it for a different-looking gal.

DUCHESS (*in tears*). I'm a lone widow, your Majesty, and my only child was yesterday turned into a pig, and the Cook has given warning.

QUEEN. Circumstances alter cases, I will admit. And if the Knave of Hearts will marry you, I'll set you both free. Otherwise—off with your heads!

KNAVE OF HEARTS. Marry her? Not if I know myself! I'd rather be executed, if it's all the same to you. So come along, old lady.

WHITE RABBIT (*striking attitude*). Hold!

[*General attention.*

KING. Why, what does this mean?

WHITE RABBIT. Now that I know the sentence, I cannot tell a lie; I am the culprit. I stole the tarts, I wrote the verses, and I will wed the Duchess.

[*Sensation. They kneel;* KING *joins their hands.*

KING. Bless you, my children! [*They retire up.*] And now, my dear, we will consider the verdict.

QUEEN. Nothing of the sort; sentence first, verdict afterward.

ALICE (*scornfully*). Nonsense!

QUEEN. What did you say?

ALICE. Stuff and nonsense! Who ever heard of having the sentence first?

Digitized by Google

QUEEN. Off with her head! Seize her, guards!

[*Guards surround* ALICE *with spears and staves.*

ALICE (*defiantly*). Come on! who's afraid? You're nothing but a paltry pack of cards!

[*All break up in confusion, threatening* ALICE, *who wards off their attacks with her hands, as if brushing away falling leaves; then escapes, pursued by train. They run in and out; colored lights thrown on groups. All the dramatis personæ reappear:* HATTER *with teacup and bread and butter, and one shoe off;* MOCK TURTLE, DORMOUSE, GRYPHON, MARCH HARE, KNAVE OF HEARTS; WHITE RABBIT *and* DUCHESS *arm in arm;* COOK *with pepper cruet, chasing them: last,* KING *and* QUEEN, QUEEN *scolding* KING *in dumb-show.*

At the end, scene changes to bank in garden, and ALICE *asleep with fairies around her, as before. Fairies dance a little measure, wave wands over her head to break the spell, and disappear.*

FINAL CHORUS OF FAIRIES.

BY SAVILE CLARKE.

Wake, Alice, wake! now no longer a rover;
Fast fade the Wonderland visions away;
Wake at the Elves' call—the dream-play is over;
Wake, Alice, wake, to the world of to-day!

[ALICE *awakening; yawns and stretches; comes down.*

ALICE. Why, I must have been asleep—and you never would believe what a funny dream I've had!

[*Tea-bell rings.*

VOICE. Alice! Alice!

ALICE. I've got to go in to tea now, or I'd stop and tell you all about it. But never mind; if you'll be very, very good, one of these days, perhaps, I'll take you back with me to Wonderland.

CURTAIN.

Digitized by Google

HER GLOVES

A FARCE IN THREE ACTS

By

ANTHONY E. WILLS

Author of "Blundering Billy," "Burley's Ranch," etc.

Price 35 cents

CAST OF CHARACTERS

WALTER DILLINGHAM.....A dealer in real estate, *Comedy lead*
JEFFERSON RUGGLES.....His father-in-law, *Character*
ROBERT SLOCUM.....A friend of the family, *Juvenile*
CHARLEY BROOKS.....A neighbor, *Comedy*
JIM RYAN.....A theatrical manager, *Comedy*
MRS. RUGGLES.....Wife of Jefferson, *Old woman*
BLANCHE DILLINGHAM.....Wife of Walter, *Lead*
DORA RUGGLES.....In love with Slocum, *Ingenue*
ELIZABETH BROOKS.....Wife of Charley, *Comedy*
VALESKA BIJOU.....A leading lady, *Comedy*

The action of the farce takes place in the home of the Dillinghams, New Rochelle, New York, during the month of May.

ACT I

A PAIR OF GLOVES

(Afternoon)

ACT II

THEY ARE LOST

(A few minutes later)

ACT III

THEY ARE FOUND AGAIN

(Next morning)

One interior scene for the three acts. Modern costumes. Plays an entire evening. Lively, full of complications, uproariously funny. Most admirable for repertoire and stock companies and amateurs. A sure success.

Address orders to

THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Digitized by Google

BLUNDERING BILLY

A FARCICAL COMEDY IN THREE ACTS

By

ANTHONY E. WILLS

Author of "Burley's Ranch," "Her Gloves," etc.

Price 35 cents

The reception room of "The Strathmore," a family hotel on the shores of San Francisco Bay, near Alameda, California, is the scene where the action of all three acts of this play takes place. Act I, Morning; Act II, Afternoon; Act III, Evening. Two hours are required for the presentation. The five male and three female characters are as follows:

EZRA TUTTLE, a rich mine owner.
BILLY BUTLER, always in trouble.
LIEUT. GRISWOLD, from the Presidio Reservation.
SING TOY, a servant.
HANK DIBBLE, an Old Salt.
DOROTHY TUTTLE, Ezra's daughter.
CLARISSA BURNHAM, a guest at "The Strathmore."
WOYO SAN, a Japanese girl.

A popular comedy because it is lively and funny and full of action. "Blundering Billy" has been tried and found always a "winner."

Address orders to

THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Digitized by Google

Dumont's Minstrel Joke Book

Price, 35 cents

A Collection of jokes arranged for End-Men, both professional and amateur. Never before collected and published in a clear manner and with bright dialogue for End-Men and Interlocutor. They form a book of the newest, most humorous and quaintest matter ever arranged. Any reader may, with assured success, deliver them to any assemblages before whom he may appear.

Mr. Dumont himself says: "This collection of jokes and dialogues is the careful gathering of years—and only the best and 'sure laugh' producers are incorporated in this book."

PARTIAL CONTENTS

Arithmetic of Love, "Ask a Policeman," All about Novels, At Niagara Falls, "A. P. A." and Bricks, Advantages of Education, All Sorts, Army and its Soldiers, Bad Case of Lying, Base Ball, Breach of Promise, Burglars, Boston's Correct Language, Bravery in Battle, Fishing, Funny Signs and Borrowed Pants, Fish makes Brains, Firing off the Cannon, Climatic Changes, Clancy as a Diver, "Couldn't find a Policeman," Colonel Pepper, "Curiosities for Museums," Conundrums, Cruelty to Animals, Country and Don't Drink, Couldn't take the Job, Comic Recitations, Cork Leg, "Casabianca," "Dreams," Ducks and Indians, Dutchman's Bet, "Daniel," Eating Dumplings, Epitaphs, Editing a Newspaper, Eating by Weight, Educated Horse, The Mule Battery, "Making Both Ends Meet," The Mind Reader, Missed the Hearse, Mixed Breed of Chickens, Married into a mean Family, Making a Pair of Shoes, Man's Ribs and Angel Cake, The New Poet, Never Happened, On the Battlefield, Off to the Seat of War, Our Brothers, Old Cider Barrel, Origin of Songs, Opinion on Man and Woman, Gratitude, Hotel Regulations, Hold your Head Up, How is Business, How Different Girls Kiss, Hash for the Navy, "Has not Caught Me Yet," Irish Monologue, It Runs in the Family, "If a River were between all Men and Women," Jumping Frog, Kissing, Kiss Sociable, Keep off the Grass, Kissing in the Tunnel, Lawyer and Doctor, Lost Umbrella, Liquor Assists Nature, Learning the Bike, Love and Matrimony, Law in Alaska, Shoemaker's Daughter, Singing at the Party, Storm at Sea, Spotted Dog, Swallowed an Egg, Second Time on Earth, Signs, Sorry he didn't Take it Cold, Progress, Parson's Sermon on Crap Shooting, Poultry and Fruit, Power of Language, Perhaps I Will and Perhaps I Won't, Peculiarities of Speech, Pumpkin Pie, Patriotic Alphabet, Queer Advertisements, Ragged Jacket, Raising Grasshoppers, Taught His Wife a Lesson, Thought it was a Boat-race, The Telephone, Thief with a Roman Nose, Taxes on Luxuries, Transfusion of Blood, Took the Dead Mans' Dollar, Two Good Liars, Three Realistic Dreams, Takes It just the same, "Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star," Very Good Tip, Very Large Punch Bowl, Very Mean Father, "We are Letters," "Went Home for his Pipe," "Why is a Ship called "She?" "What is Love?" "We are all Bottles," "Wish the Gun had gone off," Writing a Novel.

Address Orders to

THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Digitized by Google

The Spinsters' Convention
(The Original Old Maids' Convention)

Price 35 cents

An evening's entertainment which is always a sure hit and a money-maker. Has been given many hundred times by schools, societies and churches, with the greatest success. An evening of refined fun. It requires from twelve to twenty ladies and two gentlemen, although ladies may take the two male parts. A raised platform with curtains at the back is all the stage requires, but a fully equipped opera stage may be utilized and to great advantage.

Ridiculous old maid costumes, with all their frills and furbelows, their cork-screw curls, mittens, work bags, bird cages, etc., are the proper costumes. Later on in the program some pretty young women in modern evening dress are required. The latter should each be able to give a number of a miscellaneous program, that is, be able to sing, play some instrument, dance, whistle or recite well.

This entertainment utilizes all sorts of talent, and gives each participant a good part. Large societies can give every member something to do.

SYNOPSIS

Gathering of the Members of the Society—The Roll-Call—The Greeting Song—Minutes of the last meeting—Report of The Treasurer—Music: "Sack Waltz"—A paper on Woman's Rights—Song: "No One to Love, None to Caress."—Reading of "Marriage Statistics"—The Advent of the Mouse—Initiation of two Candidates into the Society—The Psalm of Marriage—Secretary's Report on Eligible [illegible] Petition to Congress—Original Poem by Betsy Bobbett—[illegible] "Why Don't the Men Propose?"—Report of The Vigilance [illegible]—An Appeal to the Bachelors—Prof. Make-over—The [illegible] Telescope.-Testimonials—The Transformation and a miscellaneous program.

Address Orders to
THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Digitized by Google

A ROSE O' PLYMOUTH TOWN

A ROMANTIC COMEDY IN FOUR ACTS

By

BEULAH MARIE DIX

and

EVELYN GEENLEAF SUTHERLAND

PRICE, BOUND IN CLOTH, $1.25
BOUND IN PAPER COVER, 50 CENTS

This comedy is dedicated to Miss Minnie Dupree, who first impersonated "Rose," the exquisite female leading part. There are four male and four female characters in the play, which takes an entire evening. The costumes are of the period of 1622, in New England.

SYNOPSIS

ACT I—The Kitchen in Captain Standish's house. An early August morning—Stolen Fruit.

ACT II—The Dooryard of Captain Standish's house. An afternoon in October—A Maid's Toys.

ACT III—Same as ACT I. A night in March—The Red Light on the Snow.

ACT IV—Same as ACT I. The next afternoon—The Better Man.

Address orders to

THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Digitized by Google

Hageman's Make-Up Book

By MAURICE HAGEMAN

Price, 25 cents

The importance of an effective make-up is becoming more apparent to the professional actor every year, but hitherto there has been no book on the subject describing the modern methods and at the same time covering all branches of the art. This want has now been filled. Mr. Hageman has had an experience of twenty years as actor and stage-manager, and his well-known literary ability has enabled him to put the knowledge so gained into shape to be of use to others. The book is an encyclopedia of the art of making up. Every branch of the subject is exhaustively treated, and few questions can be asked by professional or amateur that cannot be answered by this admirable hand-book. It is not only the best make-up book ever published, but it is not likely to be superseded by any other. It is absolutely indispensable to every ambitious actor

CONTENTS

Chapter I. **General Remarks.**

Chapter II. **Grease-Paints, their origin, components and use.**

Chapter III. **The Make-up Box.** Grease-Paints, Mirrors, Face Powder and Puff, Exora Cream, Rouge, Liquid Color, Grenadine, Blue for the Eyelids, Brilliantine for the Hair, Nose Putty, Wig Paste, Mascaro, Crape Hair, Spirit Gum, Scissors, Artists' Stomps, Cold Cream, Cocoa Butter, Recipes for Cold Cream.

Chapter IV. **Preliminaries before Making up; the Straight Make-up and how to remove it.**

Chapter V. **Remarks to Ladies.** Liquid Creams, Rouge, Lips, Eyebrows, Eyelashes, Character Roles, Jewelry, Removing Make-up.

Chapter VI. **Juveniles.** Straight Juvenile Make-up, Society Men, Young Men in Ill Health, with Red Wigs, Rococo Make-up, Hands, Wrists, Cheeks, etc.

Chapter VII. **Adults, Middle Aged and Old Men.** Ordinary Type of Manhood, Lining Colors, Wrinkles, Rouge, Sickly and Healthy Old Age, Ruddy Complexions.

Chapter VIII. **Comedy and Character Make-ups.** Comedy Effects, Wigs, Beards, Eyebrows, Noses, Lips, Pallor of Death.

Chapter IX. **The Human Features.** The Mouth and Lips, the Eyes and Eyelids, the Nose, the Chin, the Ear, the Teeth.

Chapter X. **Other Exposed Parts of the Human Anatomy.**

Chapter XI. **Wigs, Beards, Moustaches, and Eyebrows.** Choosing a Wig, Powdering the Hair, Dimensions for Wigs, Wig Bands, Bald Wigs, Ladies' Wigs, Beards on Wire, on Gauze, Crape Hair, Wool, Beards for Tramps, Moustaches, Eyebrows.

Chapter XII. **Distinctive and Traditional Characteristics.** North American Indians, New England Farmers, Hoosiers, Southerners, Politicians, Cowboys, Minors, Quakers, Tramps, Creoles, Mulattoes, Quadroons, Octoroons, Negroes, Soldiers during War, Soldiers during Peace, Scouts, Pathfinders, Puritans, Early Dutch Settlers, Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, Frenchmen, Italians, Spaniards, Portuguese, South Americans, Scandinavians, Germans, Hollanders, Hungarians, Gipsies, Russians, Turks, Arabs, Moors, Caffirs, Abyssinians, Hindoos, Malays, Chinese, Japanese, Clowns and Statuary, Hebrews, Drunkards, Lunatics, Idiots, Misers, Rogues.

Address Orders to

THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Digitized by Google

PLAYS

And Entertainment Books.

BEING the largest theatrical booksellers in the United States, we keep in stock the most complete and best assorted lines of plays and entertainment books to be found anywhere.

We can supply any play or book published. We have issued a catalogue of the best plays and entertainment books published in America and England. It contains a full description of each play, giving number of characters, time of playing, scenery, costumes, etc. This catalogue will be sent free on application.

The plays described are suitable for amateurs and professionals, and nearly all of them may be played free of royalty. Persons interested in dramatic books should examine our catalogue before ordering elsewhere.

We also carry a full line of grease paints, face powders, hair goods, and other "make-up" materials.

The Dramatic Publishing Company

CHICAGO

Digitized by Google

25 Cents
Price, ~~15 Cents~~

SERGEL'S
ACTING DRAMA

The Mouse Trap

A Comedietta in One Act

By

MRS. BURTON HARRISON

M BER

372

— FROM —
WALTER H. BAKER & CO.
THEATRICAL + PUBLISHERS.
5 HAMILTON PLACE — BOSTON-MASS.

HE DRAM

COMPANY

Practical Instructions for Private Theatricals

By W. D. EMERSON

Author of "A Country Romance," "The Unknown Rival," "Humble Pie," etc.

Price, 25 cents

Here is a practical hand-book, describing in detail all the accessories, properties, scenes and apparatus necessary for an amateur production. In addition to the descriptions in words, everything is clearly shown in the numerous pictures, more than one hundred being inserted in the book. No such useful book has ever been offered to the amateur players of any country.

CONTENTS

Chapter I. **Introductory Remarks.**

Chapter II. **Stage, How to Make, etc.** In drawing-rooms or parlors, with sliding or hinged doors. In a single large room. The Curtain; how to attach it, and raise it, etc.

Chapter III. **Arrangement of Scenery.** How to hang it. Drapery, tormentors, wings, borders, drops.

Chapter IV. **Box Scenes.** Center door pieces, plain wings, door wings, return pieces, etc.

Chapter V. **How to Light the Stage.** Oil, gas and electric light. Footlights, Sidelights, Reflectors. How to darken the stage, etc.

Chapter VI. **Stage Effects.** Wind, Rain, Thunder, Breaking Glass, Falling Buildings, Snow, Water, Waves, Cascades, Passing Trains, Lightning, Chimes, Sound of Horses' Hoofs, Shots.

Chapter VII. **Scene Painting.**

Chapter VIII. A Word to the **Property Man.**

Chapter IX. To the Stage Manager.

Chapter X. The Business Manager.

Address Orders to

THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Digitized by Google

A RUSSIAN HON
Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

D

A RUSSIAN HONEYMOON

A COMEDY

IN THREE ACTS

ADAPTED BY

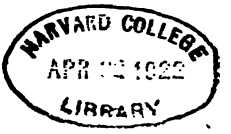
MRS. BURTON HARRISON

From the French of Eugène Scribe

CHICAGO:

THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Digitized by Google



SPECIAL NOTICE.

Acting Rights Reserved.

THIS play is duly protected by copyright. Managers and actors wishing to produce it must apply to the author through the publishers. It may, however, be played by amateurs without permission.

Copyright, 1883,
By Constance Cary Harrison.

Digitized by Google

SCENE, RUSSIAN POLAND.

TIME 1850.

ACTS FIRST AND SECOND.— A room in the house of Ivan the Shoemaker.

ACT THIRD.— A drawing-room in the Château of the Count Woroffski.

COSTUMES.

ALL RUSSIAN, OF THE TIME OF 1850.

ALEXIS.— Peasant's blouse and trousers trimmed with fur, and at the end of third act full-dress uniform of Russian officer.

POLESKA.— First act, rich traveling dress of velvet and fur; second and third acts, peasant's gala dress.

BARONESS.— First part of third act, rich house-dress; end of act, traveling dress of velvet and fur.

IVAN.— Peasant's blouse, full trousers, high boots.

MICHELINE.— Peasant's dress.

KOULIKOFF.— Blouse and trousers of black velvet edged with fur, fur cap.

OSIP.— Peasant's dress.

Digitized by Google

CAST OF THE CHARACTERS.

MADISON SQUARE THEATRE,
New York, Monday, April 9, 1883.

ALEXIS PETROVITCH. - MR. FREDERIC BRYTON.
A journeyman (afterward Gustave, Count Woroffski).

POLESKA, - - - - - - - AGNES BOOTH.
His wife.

BARONESS VLADIMIR, - - - MISS ADA DYAS.
His sister.

IVAN, - - - - - - MR. W. J. LEMOYNE.
A master shoemaker.

MICHELINE, - - - MISS ESTELLE CLAYTON.
His daughter.

KOULIKOFF DEMETROVITCH, MR. MAX FREEMAN.
Intendant of the Château Woroffski.

OSIP, - - - - - - MR. EDWIN ARDEN.
A young peasant.

Guards, Peasants, Ladies, Retainers, etc.

Digitized by Google

SYNOPSIS.

THE rising curtain discloses the interior of the house of Ivan the Shoemaker. The samovar burns on the table. The lamp burns under the Virgin's picture. A wolf skin is nailed to the wall. High up above the stove, covered with sheepskins, lounges a peasant idly smoking, while others drink around the table, during the hour of recreation. Outside, the snow is falling in thick flakes; inside the log fire is roaring lustily. Wedding bells are chiming; men and maidens clad in gay peasant garments are marching in procession to the church.

Gustave, Count Woroffski, has married Poleska de Fermstein, only to find that early in the honeymoon she develops such traits of temper and pride as will render their married life insupportable, unless he can find some means to subdue her. He accordingly goes before her to an estate, lately become his by inheritance, where he enters the service of a shoemaker, Ivan, under the assumed name of Alexis Petrovitch, and awaits the coming of his wife. Upon her arrival he tells her that he is Alexis, a serf, having married her on a false pretense, and that she, being his wife, is a serf too. He sets her to sew and to spin; he tames her as Petruchio tamed Katharine. She, however, manages to send an appeal to the Count's sister, for protection, and the

Digitized by Google

second act closes with the arrest of Alexis by his own guards. The third act shows a drawing-room in the Château Woroffski, where the Baroness has summoned Poleska to state her wrongs. Poleska obtains from the Baroness an order of separation, and, having obtained it, repents, declares that though her husband is a serf she cannot leave him, finally sees Gustave appear in his true character, and is folded in his arms. Love has conquered pride.

This version of Scribe's pretty comedy was given its first production at the hands of amateurs, and was such an unqualified success that it was soon after staged at the Madison Square Theatre, with an excellent cast, where its popularity was confirmed by large audiences during a very successful run.

The *Critic* in its theatrical notes says: "Of all the pretty plays which have been seen on the boards of the Madison Square Theatre, 'A Russian Honeymoon,' by Mrs. Burton Harrison, is the prettiest."

Digitized by Google

A RUSSIAN HONEYMOON.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—*(The cottage of Ivan, the shoemaker. Door in flat, C. is open, showing snowy landscape. R. & L. are doors leading to rooms in cottage. Shoemaker's bench and tools, and a half-finished shoe, R. As the curtain rises Ivan, Micheline and journeymen are seen seated at breakfast, L. Alexis seated apart, R.; buried in thought. Country girls come and go C. D., offering Alexis shoes to mend; movement in groups during singing of chorus. Russian stove up L., with peasant lounging on top. At the rising of the curtain a drinking chorus is sung by workmen at table.)*

IVAN *(drinks, sets down glass).*— Bravo! Bravo! Ah, it does my old heart good. It brings back to me my own youth, when I could sing with the best of you.

(Wedding bells heard in distance.)

MICHELINE *(running to window).*— Oh, father, see! There go Olga and Michael, on their way to church to be married. Oh! isn't he a beauty!

Digitized by Google

IVAN.— Fill up, lads, drink to their health. Good luck attend them. *(All laugh and drink. Singing heard outside.)*

MICHELINE.—There, they are coming this way. See! *(Looks out of window and waves her hand.)* Dear little Olga! And to think I'm not even allowed to go to her wedding!

IVAN.— Stop grumbling, girl. These weddings turn all the young heads. Off, lads, to your work!

MICHELINE *(springs upon stool to gaze from window and waves hand).*— See the fine silver crown Olga's wearing. Yes, father, I'm coming! *(Singing grows louder, bridal procession passes window at back.)* A real gold chain, too. Yes, father, they've gone now. *(Returns from window sighing and busies herself about table.)* I wish it were my wedding day.

(Workmen go off C. D. F. singing.)

IVAN *(going over to Alexis and slapping him on shoulder).*— Well, my good fellow, are you going to mope there all day, and go hungry?

ALEXIS.— Answer me one question, Master Ivan. Am I paid wages to make merry—or to make shoes?

IVAN.— One doesn't interfere with the other, in my creed. Look at me, for example. Born a serf and a vassal of the Woroffski estate, and consequently a prisoner on this domain, I've managed to build up here in the wilderness a shoe business that, I flatter myself, might hold its own in Warsaw. And my shoes are not made for the country people hereabout, I'll warrant you. They, poor miserable creatures, go barefoot; small encouragement for an artist in my line! But my wares go to Germany, even! Think of it, all Germany demands them; no wonder I work and sing from morning to night. And you'd better believe I've put my

Digitized by Google

hand to more trades than this. Doctoring, hair-dressing, blood-letting—all's one to me. Ah! if you could have seen me pull the miller's tooth yesterday. Ho! ho! ho! roots like radishes! I dragged him out of the chair twice before I got it. Ho! ho! ho! and the rascal wanted to put me off with a fee of ten copecks! So much for the gratitude of human nature. Ho! ho! Why, man, you're as dull as the devil's grandfather!

ALEXIS *(at bench R. coldly).*— Have I not finished the task you set for me this morning?

IVAN *(at C.).*— Certainly. And I haven't a workman in the lot who can beat you. Look at that shoe. *(Takes up Alexis' half-finished work.)* Why, a princess might wear it, let alone a peasant.

ALEXIS *(not looking at Ivan).*— Then, if I have satisfied you, why not let me amuse myself according to my own notions. It is little to ask, I'm sure.

IVAN *(dryly).*— As you like. When the conscience isn't clear, one can't look his neighbor in the face, says the proverb. *(Aside to Micheline.)* He's a perfect bear, that fellow!

MICHELINE *(who has been from time to time striving to attract the attention of Alexis, but without success, at table L., aside to Ivan).*— You are right, father. In the two days since he has been here, nobody has gotten a civil word out of him; or a look either, for that matter. Perhaps the poor man has been unfortunate. Perhaps he isn't satisfied with his pay.

IVAN *(aside, angrily).*— Not satisfied with his pay! Not satisfied with ten copecks a day! Chatter, chatter, when the tongue itches, says the proverb. Why, girl, I pay like a prince, did you but know it. Hold your tongue now, and get

Digitized by Google

about your work. I never knew a matter yet that was improved by a woman's interfering.

(Micheline crosses to R. shrugging her shoulders. She manages to drop a bright-colored handkerchief from her neck in passing near Alexis, who, roused from his abstraction, picks it up with great courtesy and restores it, not to its right place, as Micheline stands coquettishly expecting, but to her hand, with a grave bow. Micheline pouts, and goes off discomfited, R. D.)

IVAN *(who has put on his spectacles to examine Alexis's work, aside).*— He's a workman worth holding to—that's certain. And an employer ought always to be generous, if he finds it to his advantage! *(He again slaps Alexis on shoulder.)* Tell me, my lad, do you belong to this part of the world?

ALEXIS *(coming down R.).*— Yes, Master; I am, like you, a Russian Pole. But I've been knocking about in many countries these five years past.

IVAN.— What for, may I ask?

ALEXIS.— In search of fortune.

IVAN.— Have you found the elusive female?

ALEXIS *(laughing).*— No, in faith. The jade is like all the rest of them. When one sets out in pursuit of her, that's just the time she takes care not to let herself be caught.

IVAN.— The Devil!

ALEXIS.— Not at all! Only a philosopher.

IVAN.— Well, my boy, if you want to stay with me, the affair is in your own hands. You turned up here a couple of days since, and, on the strength of your honest face, I offered you ten copecks a day. But a good workman is like a good shoe, whose value comes out only in the wearing; and the long and short of it is, if you stay I will pay you six copecks additional.

Digitized by Google

ALEXIS *(cutting leather with knife).*— I have what satisfies me, and that's enough. *(Sighing.)* If I had no worse trouble now——

IVAN *(aside, comically).*— Aha! it's coming. That sigh portends a love scrape. *(Aloud.)* It can't be my daughter Micheline who has been casting sheep's eyes in your direction. That wouldn't suit me at all!

ALEXIS *(going back to bench, smiling).*— Set your mind at rest on that score. I wish with all my heart that I could be in love with your pretty Micheline.

IVAN.— What do you mean by that?

ALEXIS.— I mean that, in my position, Master Ivan, a man, to be reasonable, must love his equal. But then who ever heard of reasonable love?

IVAN.— Marry, come up! Is the fellow mad enough to be sighing for some great lady of the Court?

ALEXIS *(sitting on bench, sadly).*— You have hit the nail on the head now, master. And a lady, who, to my sorrow, is prouder in her own fair self than all the grand-duchesses in Russia.

IVAN *(whistling in derision).*— Whew! In love with a duchess! Perhaps that's what you call reasonable love. I call it madness. Stick to your last, friend Alexis, stick to your last. *(Sound of sleigh-bells at back.)* Look down, not up, if you've got your wits about you. Who comes there? Ah, here's Koulikoff Demetrovitch, the Intendant of my lord's estate.

(Enter Koulikoff C. D. F. whip in hand, followed by several peasants, who await orders.)

KOULIKOFF *(cracking his whip and speaking off to followers).*— Hurry up there, louts, and go to their help. Don't stand with your arms crossed staring at me. Shall I go myself. *(Stamping.)* Fifty blows of the knout to the fellow

Digitized by Google

who gets there last. *(Exeunt peasants C. D. F.)* There's no better way of expediting matters than a threat like that, I've found. Ah! good morning, Ivan.

IVAN.— Your servant, Intendant. What's going on without?

KOULIKOFF.— A handsome chariot, four horses, two postillions and one passenger stuck in the mud-hole opposite your door—that's all.

ALEXIS *(starting, aside).*— Poleska! *(Aloud.)* Why couldn't you have said so before, fellow?

(Exit precipitately L. D.)

KOULIKOFF *(strutting about with offended dignity).*— Fellow! fellow! Hum! Pray who is this vagabond you have picked up?

IVAN.— One of my workmen; a rover, returned from the wars. He took the place very recently, but he belongs to the estate; and a treasure I've found in him.

KOULIKOFF *(R.).*— Hum! Can't say much for his manners. Too free, too free, entirely. Don't know his place. What's his name?

IVAN.— Alexis Petrovitch; and a strapping fellow he is, as you see.

KOULIKOFF *(taking snuff, and meditating).*— Petrovitch, Petrovitch. He belongs to us. They are registered in my farm book. He has come back just in time, as I am making up my books. I'll warrant, when my lord the Count comes he'll find affairs in order. During thirty years of faithful service to the estate, I've not sat with folded arms. For one thing, I can't begin to count the knoutings I've administered.

IVAN *(dryly).*— I believe you. *(Aside.)* It is indeed thirty years that we have endured his tyranny. Set the groom on the master's nag and you'll see the dust fly, says the proverb.

Digitized by Google

KOULIKOFF *(sitting at table).* — Well, well, that's neither here nor there. If, in my modest way, I have established a reputation as a disciplinarian, so much the better for me when my lord, the Count, arrives. Let him come when he will, he shall find the faithful Koulikoff prepared!

IVAN *(aside).* — He's busy enough; when he's nothing else to do he scolds the little ones and throws stones at the pigs. *(Aloud.)* No news in the Commune, Intendant?

KOULIKOFF. — Times are dull, neighbor. The usual trifles; a knouting here and there, to keep my hand in. Olga and Michael married to-day, as you know. Yesterday, I stood god-father to Marfa's third brace of young ones. That woman is invaluable to the estate! To-day I clapped that old hag Fenitcska into prison for setting fire to the cattle shed. The old fool was trying to drive the fiend out of her cow with a pan of burning charcoal.

IVAN *(aside).*— Pity somebody couldn't try the same experiment on you, boaster! *(Aloud.)* No tidings then of our gracious little father, the Count? 'Twill be something of a change to the estate, to own a rollicking young soldier for a master, instead of the lamented excellency, his uncle. *(Aside.)* Good riddance of the old curmudgeon. *(Aloud.)* New blood, new spirit, as the proverb says!

KOULIKOFF.— The estate is in competent hands, my man; never fear. Not that I object to the new Count's paying us a visit. He has never seen the property; and, at his age, 'tis but natural, and I offer no objections.

IVAN *(curiously).*— Then we may expect him shortly, Intendant? They tell me great doings are going on at the Castle. The steward ransacking the country side for good things; and my girl says she'll never in the world have eggs enough for all the housekeeper has ordered.

KOULIKOFF *(with importance).*— Village babble! village

Digitized by Google

babble! One who is in the confidence of the Count must respect himself. I suppose it isn't part of the Intendant's duty to take notice of such idle chatter. Must I tell you all I know, forsooth?

IVAN.— It wouldn't take you long, neighbor.

KOULIKOFF *(confused)*.— Well, well, this much I am at liberty to disclose, friend Ivan *(takes snuff; Ivan offers to use K's box, but is refused with dignity)*, as you know, the late Count, owing to a quarrel with his brother's family, had never invited any one of them to set foot on the estate. He wouldn't so much as allow the names of his next of kin, Count Gustave and his sister, the Baroness Vladimir, to be mentioned in his presence; so we have never seen either of them. But for our old master's dying without having left a will, we probably never would. Here, six months after the Count's death, I suddenly receive orders to put the castle in readiness for a visit from the family. For two weeks I have been in hourly expectation of news of their arrival. but not a word has come. Such extravagance! Fresh meat and fowls every day, and cords of the best wood burning to waste in the fireplaces!

IVAN *(horrified)*.— No?

KOULIKOFF.— Yes. It's enough to make the old master come flying back to swear at us!

IVAN *(turning thumb downward)*.— Oh! they've got him safe enough, never fear. *(Both laugh and chuckle.)*

KOULIKOFF.— Where's your daughter, shoemaker?

IVAN *(rising and putting chair back)*.— Oh! she's at work somewhere. No lazybones when I'm about, Intendant.

KOULIKOFF.— Why don't you marry her off, Ivan? A strapping girl like that might look for the best of husbands. What do you say to me for a son-in-law?

IVAN *(laughing)*.— You, my son-in-law!

Digitized by Google

KOULIKOFF.— Yes, why not. She's a beauty, that girl.

IVAN.— Excuse me, Intendant, but what a son-in-law ou'd make! *(Laughs. Koulikoff is confused.)*

(Enter Micheline running, C. D. F.)

MICHELINE.— Father, dear; such an accident — such a beautiful lady coming in.

(Enter Countess Poleska C. D. F. She is followed by peasants bearing hand-bags, cloaks, etc.; others group at door and window.)

POLESKA *(waving off peasants, also Ivan and Koulikoff who advance, bowing. To peasants)*.— There, that will do. Go back now, and help my servants to regain my possessions. My people have orders to see that you are properly rewarded. Awkward and stupid are no words for it! A splendid road; and the idiots pick out the only mud-hole to upset me in. *(Comes down.)*

MICHELINE *(timidly)*.— Pray, my lady——

POLESKA *(C.)*.— Hold your tongue, girl— And, to crown my misfortunes, the blockheads, in trying to lift my carriage, have broken one of the springs. I am forced to take refuge in this miserable hut. Heaven grant me patience to see the end of it!

MICHELINE *(hesitating)*.— I was only going to say to the lady that it was not entirely the fault of our men. Poor Fedor worked so hard that he has his foot badly crushed for his pains.

POLESKA *(impetuously)*.— Oh, how sorry I am. Poor fellow! Let us hasten to his assistance.

MICHELINE.— Not over these roads, with those fine shoes, my lady.

POLESKA *(rapidly)*.— Yes, you are right. Besides, I could do nothing. What a misfortune! An honest workman, perhaps the father of a family! Let a physician be

Digitized by Google

summoned immediately. Take my purse. Let the man know that I will take care of him. What! does no one stir to obey me?

(Micheline carries purse to Ivan; Koulikoff and Ivan exchange looks of astonishment. Ivan goes to C. D. F. and gives orders without; exeunt peasants, C. D. F.)

KOULIKOFF *(bowing obsequiously and rubbing hands).* —They have this moment gone, my lady. But allow me to say that I should like to know——

POLESKA *(haughtily).*— Pray, who gave you leave to open a conversation with me?

IVAN *(suavely).*— This, my lady, is the Intendant, Koulikoff, and he ought to know——

POLESKA *(with a gesture of impatience).*— He ought to know how to hold his tongue; and you also.

KOULIKOFF *(enraged; aside).*— Was ever heard such insolence?

POLESKA *(to Micheline).*— Tell me, girl, where am I?

IVAN *(approaching, puts Micheline behind him).*— On the estate of the Count Woroffski, my lady, and about a league from his castle.

POLESKA *(starting joyfully).*— On my husband's estate —on my own land!

KOULIKOFF *(cringing).*— What do I hear? Her Excellency then, is the wife of our noble lord Gustave de Woroffski?

IVAN *(takes off apron hurriedly and runs his hands through his hair).*— A Countess in my cottage!

KOULIKOFF *(same air of submission).*— We had been warned, gracious lady, that the Count was about to arrive, but he had not condescended to inform us that his bride would accompany him.

Digitized by Google

POLESKA *(impatiently).*— And the Count has not yet come? He was to reach the castle in advance of me, in order to prepare it for my arrival.

(Ivan and Micheline up stage.)

KOULIKOFF.— If the Countess pleases, if such be the case, I have not had the honor of being notified. I am deeply mortified.

(As he speaks, Poleska passes by him and walks to and fro, soliloquizing.)

POLESKA.— My poor Gustave, who would set off before me, to arrange everything to suit my fastidious requirements; I dared not tell him that I had almost as soon forego the state of a reception suited to our rank, as part with him. Soon I shall rejoin him. Oh! What happiness. *(Turns swiftly upon Koulikoff.)* It is all your fault.

KOULIKOFF *(astonished).*— Mine! Your High Nobility?

POLESKA.— Yes, yours. Are you not the Intendant of this property?

KOULIKOFF *(swelling).*— For thirty years, Your Excellency, the name of Koulikoff Demetrovitch——

POLESKA *(interrupting).*— Why in the world, then, don't you keep the road in order? That mud-hole is a disgrace to you. Couldn't you guess that I would be in haste to rejoin my husband? Have you no sense—no judgment? Consider yourself dismissed, upon the spot.

(Turns up stage.)

KOULIKOFF *(with horror).*— Me! I! Koulikoff Demetrovitch—dismissed!

IVAN *(aside).*— That woman respects nobody, it is plain. *(Aloud.)* If, until the carriage is repaired, the Countess would honor us by taking some refreshment. Sit down, for good luck. that the chickens and the bees may multiply, says the proverb.

Digitized by Google

POLESKA *(languidly seating herself at table L.)*.—Well, yes, perhaps so. But, to save time, tell them to fetch me only tea and muffins.

ALL.—Tea! Oh! yes, my lady, tea!

(All rush to table and busy themselves with serving a cup of tea from samovar. Poleska tastes the mixture and refuses it with disgust.)

POLESKA.—Take this stuff away! I asked for tea—and muffins.

IVAN *(dismayed)*.—Muffins!

POLESKA.—Yes, muffins, toasted and buttered; and a little strawberry jam, perhaps.

IVAN *(in despair)*.—Strawberry jam! I am afraid it will be impossible for us to serve what her Excellency asks for. *(Reflecting.)* There's some prime old cabbage soup, now ——

POLESKA *(angrily)*.—Impossible! Nothing is impossible, if I wish it. Let the muffins be brought immediately.

IVAN.—Please your ladyship, we don't exactly know what they are.

MICHELINE *(sorrowfully)*.—We have never had any.

POLESKA.—What audacity!

IVAN.—But, my lady——

POLESKA.—He dares object——*(Rises.)* Understand that my word is law; not even my husband dares oppose me. Heaven made woman to command and man to obey!

MICHELINE *(aside)*.—Can this be true! I wish it were!

POLESKA.—And now, I *will* have muffins.

IVAN *(aside, mimicking Poleska)*.—She *will* have muffins. *(Exit Ivan R. D.)*

KOULIKOFF.—If the Countess will permit herself to take an hour's repose, I fly to my poor dwelling which is near at

Digitized by Google

hand. I shall fetch some tea; and, at the same time order my kibitka—a little vehicle—which in a short time will enable Madame to rejoin her august bridegroom at the castle.

POLESKA *(joyfully).*— So soon! With Gustave so soon! Oh! you dear, good, nice, kind, comical old thing; only hurry off, or I shall die of impatience.

KOULIKOFF.— And Madame will deign to give me back my place?

POLESKA.— That, or some other. I will see what can be done for a reformed Intendant, only fly!

KOULIKOFF.— I go, Madame; launched like a thunderbolt at your command. *(Exit Koulikoff C. D. F.)*

POLESKA *(sitting again at table, L.).*— What a piece of work to get what one wants! And they call Russia a civilized country. Ah! I am worn out with fatigue, for I have travelled all night.

MICHELINE.—All night, my lady! you must indeed be tired.

POLESKA.—What would I not have done, to reach him the sooner? My good, kind husband, who lives but to please me. The three days that I have been away from him seemed an eternity.

MICHELINE *(surprised).*— I thought it was only among poor folks that they marry for love, my lady.

POLESKA.— Love, simpleton! How should you know the meaning of the word! Go, girl, and leave me to myself. *(Exit Micheline, courtesying, R. D.)* Yes, three days! and what have they not taught me. Oh! Gustave, I shall prove myself worthy of the rank and power you have bestowed on me. Even the peasants, cringing in this miserable hut, show me the homage that awaits me. I, the daughter of a brave officer, whose only dower is her beauty, who from childhood

Digitized by Google

has dreamed but of shining in the great world. *(Rises.)* Henceforth I shall reign like a queen. Slaves and vassals shall bow before me. Equipages, jewels, palaces, are mine to command. Madame la Comtesse de Woroffski. Ah! what music to my ears. Ha! who's there? who dares intrude on me? *(Enter Ivan R.)*

IVAN.— May it please your ladyship——

POLESKA.— You will best please my ladyship by taking your ugly face away! Spare me the sight of you! If I am obliged to remain a while in this hovel, I will try to rest, so that Gustave may not preceive the marks of fatigue from my long journey. Let your daughter wait on me. I like the girl and will take her into my service——

IVAN.— But, Madame——

POLESKA *(stamping her foot).*— Learn once for all, fellow, that I don't know the meaning of a but. If not— *(menacing gesture)*, you understand?

(She turns imperiously and exit R. D.)

IVAN *(ruefully).*— I understand. *(Sits on bench.)* Ugly face, forsooth! Ah! yes, I understand that my poor master, the Count, has got the devil of a temper to deal with! *(Begins to work.)* Well, here I am, alone like a finger, as the proverb says, and free to speak my mind. Marry, come up! As soft as silk, and as fine as a peacock, you'd take her to be— the vixen! But taste the quality of her temper once! She's naught but a Baba Yaga.

(Enter Alexis L. D.)

ALEXIS.— Ah! Here you are, Master! And where may be the lady whose carriage was upset?

IVAN.— The carriage! I'm not so sure but 'twas a mortar and pestle. That's what our witches ride in, through the air. *(With an anxious look at door R.)* The lady! she's in there. Don't speak so loud, I beg of you. Don't stir her up

Digitized by Google

again. Oh! If you only met her once, you'd not ask to repeat the operation.

ALEXIS *(with a movement toward door R. which he represses).*— I have met her, to my cost! Hark ye, friend Ivan; do you remember what I told you a while ago about my hopeless passion? Well, then, I love *her! (He points to door R.)*

IVAN *(in consternation).*— Man alive, you are mad! You, a miserable vassal of her lord's estate, dare to cast your eyes upon his bride! Love her? Love the most wicked, imperious, haughty creature that ever trod the earth! That is, to judge from a very brief acquaintance.

ALEXIS *(dryly; putting his hand upon Ivan's shoulder).* — I have enjoyed a more extensive acquaintance with the lady. She is my wife! *(Goes up R.)*

IVAN *(looking about for escape, then barricading himself behind table).*— O! Lord! The fellow's raving. I might have known what it was from the beginning. Oh!

(Alexis retreats to C. D. F. and stands laughing.)

ALEXIS.— Listen to me, Ivan. *(Ivan comes out cautiously L. C.)* Consumed with love for one as high above me as the moon above the earth, I took the name and rank of the noble Count de Woroffski, who was expected to visit Buda, where she lived. A small inheritance recently coming to me, together with the savings of six years past, sufficed to sustain my assumed position. I married her—I can say no more. *(He turns his head away.)*

IVAN.— Matrimony is sure to bring down a fellow's spirit, sooner or later. But how in the mischief came you to journey hither on your honeymoon?

ALEXIS.— The newspapers announced that the Count de Woroffski had recently inherited a principality on the borders of Russia and Poland. My wife urged me to visit this

Digitized by Google

spot by way of a wedding journey; and I, remembering the home of my humble ancestors, was glad of an excuse to leave Buda and the embarrassments of my false position there. An explanation with her I had deceived could not be much longer deferred; and it were better three hundred leagues away from her home and family. Thus a strange chance has led me back among my own people. I, who am but a poor devil of a workman, a slave, as you say, bring with me a bride by birth and education far above me. From this point, Ivan, there is no drawing back. Poleska must know all, and that without delay. I have faced fire, in my day, as bravely as another, I suppose; but, at this crisis, Master Ivan, I'm afraid!

IVAN *(shrugging).*— Small blame to you, comrade. She'll inform upon you before the Count, no doubt; and you'll be hung in quick order. Just as little ceremony as she used in dismissing our worthy Koulikoff. Ah! she's a rare one. *(Grimace toward door R.)* I'd like to wager that she'll bestow on you a larger piece of her mind, in one half hour, than my dear departed managed to give me, during fifteen years of matrimony—and mine was never backward, heaven rest her soul!

ALEXIS *(impatiently).*— Enough, enough, Ivan. What I dread most, I will own, is——

IVAN *(interrupts).*— The explosion! I believe you, my boy. Make peace with heaven when the petard is launched, says the proverb.

ALEXIS.— Ivan, you are a father, you have a feeling heart; I've an act of friendship to impose on you. If you could only—very delicately—very adroitly—and without giving her too much pain—prepare the way for me——

IVAN *(promptly).*— With the greatest of pleasure in the world, my dear fellow; believe me, the greatest pleasure.

Digitized by Google

(Aside.) I mustn't show my feelings too plainly—but oh! what an opportunity for getting even with the little spitfire. *(Gesticulates toward door R. Aloud.)* As you say, the awl cannot be hidden in the sack much longer, and murder will out.

ALEXIS *(who has been drawing near to and withdrawing from door R.).*— How dare I risk it? See here, Ivan, old fellow; but a moment since, I had my proud falcon tamed, hooded, and resting on my wrist. If I but draw the bandage from her eyes—with the speed of light she will be off.

IVAN *(puzzled).*— She is a high-flyer and no mistake. *(Aside.)* He can't be changing his mind about it. *(Aloud.)* Leave it to me, friend Alexis. Leave it to me. I know womankind, and the way to deal with them. I have a feeling heart——

ALEXIS *(with emotion).*— Be gentle with her, Ivan! Remember her youth, her solitude—her isolation! Treat her as though it were your own child who had come to you in sorrow.

IVAN.— Trust me to forget nothing, my gallant bridegroom. Now, I must be off. I've a little business to attend to, before I inform my lady the Countess of her changed position. *(Movement of Alexis to interrupt.)* Oh! if it's to say you don't want to trouble me, Alexis, don't mention it. I don't mind trouble. I like trouble, when it's for a friend. Better get to work again, my boy; you'll need all you can make to keep your wife in silks and fineries. Ho, ho, ho; The Countess! What a joke! And Koulikoff, ho! ho! ho! Wait till you see his face! Koulikoff! That's the best of all! *(Going off.)* I wouldn't give up this little commission for fifty copecks; shoot me, if I would! *(Exit C. D. F.)*

Digitized by Google

ALEXIS *(at door R.).*— At last alone! Oh! how hard it is to sustain this borrowed character. The deceit is abhorrent to me. Better in truth to be an humble shoemaker than a nobleman who to his wealth and rank alone owes the affection of his wife. Now I am resolved—I will be firm. Rude though the test may be, Poleska shall confront it. Heaven send that her proud spirit may bend now, or the life that is in store for us will be one enduring misery. *(Chorus heard without. Alexis looks C D. F.)* There is the music of the wedding festival! Yonder goes the bride, hanging upon her husband's arm! He, honest fellow, knows nothing of the pangs that rack my jealous breast. I, the bridegroom of a week, Gustave de Woroffski, lord of these village folk, owner of this vast estate—and husband of a wife I dare not trust.

(The bridal procession passes. Chorus and wedding chimes. Alexis stands at window, moodily watching the passers-by.)

Curtain.

Digitized by Google

ACT II.

(The cottage as before, table cleared. Micheline comes in on tip-toe R. D.)

MICHELINE.— Oh! dear, one ought to have five pairs of hands and as many feet, to do my lady's bidding. Lucky that she's all tired out with her travelling, and has gone to sleep—as peaceful as the wax baby in the Christmas manger. Heigh ho! It's only a princess born that can take time to sleep at noonday!

(She puts wood in stove L. Enter Osip C. D. F.)

MICHELINE.— Oh! it's you, is it?

OSIP.— How now, my damsel fair, always busy? Come, let's be friends again. Say but the word, and I'll kiss you as soon as wax my thread.

MICHELINE *(laying fresh cloth on table L.)*.—Indeed, you'll do nothing of the kind, Master Osip. Who wants to kiss a cross face like yours? Why, it's as long as our donkey's, and about as cheerful.

OSIP.— Pretty talk from a man's promised wife, isn't it. It's a shame, I tell you. Your head's just turned by these strangers coming here, and my lady taking notice of you. And ever since that fellow Alexis crossed the door-sill, you've treated me like the dirt under your feet.

MICHELINE.— Now, never mind Alexis, there's a good

Digitized by Google

fellow. You're in such a temper. Maybe you were bitten by a mad dog on the way!

OSIP.— And then, after joking and flirting with every newcomer, you expect me to dance like a puppet when you pull the string.

MICHELINE. – When *you* dance, it will be more like a bear than a puppet! Go on!

OSIP.— Oh! I could go on for a week if——

MICHELINE *(laughing)*.—Don't do that, please. Find something new to say.

OSIP *(angrily)*.—I'll find something new to say when you give me something new to talk about—so, there!

MICHELINE.— Come, Osip, dear, quiet down a bit, and I'll try to mend my ways; what is it you want of me, anyway?

OSIP.— I want you to say you love me.

MICHELINE *(coquettishly)*.— And haven't I said so once, you greedy fellow.

(He extends his arms; she appears to lean toward him, then glides under his arm, and crosses stage laughing.)

OSIP. – There! that's always the way! I, that buy you ribbons from every fair, and gewgaws from every peddler! Haven't I almost broken my neck a-climbing in the tree-tops to fetch you birds' eggs? Do I ever look at the miller's Olga, for all she makes up to me on Sundays; and she called the beauty of the village!

MICHELINE.— The miller's Olga is a horrid, forward thing!

OSIP.— Well, she's pleasanter than some I could name. I might as well butt my head against a wall, as follow you; you're as cold as any frog.

MICHELINE.— If I was made a frog, I can't unmake my-

Digitized by Google

self; and you're very rude to call me names. *(Weeps.)* I shouldn't think you'd want to be married to a fr-fr-fr-og!

OSIP *(consoling her).*— Oh! Yes I do. Don't cry now, and when the peddler comes again, see what I'll get for you.

MICHELINE *(still sobbing).*— Is it a pair of silk stockings like my lady's, Osip?

OSIP.— Whatever you say, my girl, if you're only kind to me, the way you used to be.

MICHELINE.— Yes, before we loved each other, Osip! It was a great deal nicer then! Well, well, you silly fellow, I'll try, very hard, and perhaps love will come,—the way one falls asleep, without knowing how! Only, do stop being so jealous. Is it my fault the men run after me? Would you have me take a stick to my admirers?

(Ivan enters C. D. F., during this speech, and stands behind the lovers, his stick raised.)

OSIP.— There's more than one of those fellows that would be the better for a beating. There's Koulikoff Demetrovitch, forever eyeing you on the sly, the ugly old tyrant. And Alexis—I'll spoil his pretty face for him, the coxcomb! And Peter—and Marko—and Nicholas-of-the-herd, and——

IVAN *(bringing down stick upon Osip's back).*— And Osip! And Osip! And Osip! What, what, is this the way you idlers waste my time? Your turn next, my lass.

MICHELINE *(shrinking).*— Oh! father, pray don't. Here comes Koulikoff Demetrovitch, and my lady will be stirring.

(Osip runs out C. D. F., and, in view of audience, runs into Koulikoff, who is seen through window, carrying a covered tray. Exit Micheline R. D.)

IVAN *(gesticulating towards Poleska's door R.).*— My lady! My lady! If she'd take my advice, the Countess would be in no haste to leave her room! *(Sits at bench.)*

Digitized by Google

KOULIKOFF *(entering with tray C. D. F.)*.— Here I am, fairly dripping. *(Wipes his face.)* By the greatest good luck I found, at home, some tea that I bought of the last caravan; and here are my prettiest cups.

(He lays table with knife, fork, plates, tea things, etc. Ivan seats himself negligently at table.)

IVAN.— Come, come, Intendant, if you had only known what I know, you might have spared your wind and your pains.

(Noise in room R. Enter Micheline hastily R. D.)

MICHELINE.— Oh, dear father, if you would only hurry with the breakfast. The Countess is awake and is calling for her servants. She says we shall all be knouted because there is no bell in her room.

IVAN *(crossing to table L.; contemptuou ly)*.— There's the big bell that calls our workmen up, let her try that.

KOULIKOFF *(walking R. hurriedly)*.— Pray, my good girl, say from me to the Countess that I have done my best. The tea is served and the little sleigh I promised her is even now at the door.

(He looks up to find that Ivan has helped himself to a cup of tea and is drinking it and smacking his lips.)

KOULIKOFF *(angrily)*.— Hollo there! What in the devil are you about?

IVAN.— Tasting her tea, as you may see. You're right; it's capital stuff, and I drink to her health.

MICHELINE *(alarmed)*.— Tasting my lady's breakfast! Oh, father, what will become of us?

KOULIKOFF *(infuriated)*.— What profanation! Fellow, do you know with how many blows of the knout you'll pay for this joke?

(Polaski's voice from room R.).— Micheline, Micheline.

Digitized by Google

MICHELINE *(wringing her hands).*— Oh, father, do get up! If she should come out now and see you! Yes, my lady, coming. *(Exit Micheline R. D.)*

IVAN *(doggedly).*— And pray why should I get up in the presence of a workman's wife, my workman's wife?

KOULIKOFF *(lifting hands).*— His brain is turned by so much honor to his house!

IVAN.— Not at all. You were never more mistaken. It is *she (points with thumb over shoulder to R. D.)*, who owes *me* respect. This would-be sovereign is no more the wife of our Count than my daughter is.

KOULIKOFF.— Is this true? Not a Countess! *(Running to door C. D. F.)* Hollo there, Michel, you may drive my sleigh back to the stable.

IVAN.—She's nothing but the wife of Alexis Petrovitch, my journeyman, and a serf on the Woroffski estate.

KOULIKOFF *(piously).*— The Lord forgive her for a lying jade. But how can one be sure of anything?

IVAN.— I have it from Alexis himself.

KOULIKOFF.— The wife of a serf? And she takes the liberty of being hungry and thirsty! Bah! I'm hungry and thirsty. You're hungry and thirsty. Permit me, friend Ivan.

(He sits at table and pours out tea; they simultaneously attack the food. Loud discordant bell rings off R.)

IVAN *(tranquilly, with mouth full).*— That's the alarm bell for her breakfast. Let her ring!

(Door R. opens. Enter Poleska like a whirlwind, followed by Micheline. Both men keep their seats, laughing insolently.)

POLESKA.— Was ever such impertinence? To keep *me* waiting like this. I who never wait. I who have not yet breakfasted.

Digitized by Google

KOULIKOFF *(over his shoulder; taking a bite).*— That's exactly my case. Ho! ho!

POLESKA *(trembling with rage).*— What do I see? To your feet, barbarians, and remember where you are.

IVAN.— Take it easy, good wife, take it easy. Less strife, long life, says the proverb. Always keep your temper—always—especially while fasting. Ho! ho! ho!

MICHELINE.— Great heavens! My lady, my father is surely mad. *(Aside.)* He will never be allowed to live after this.

POLESKA.— I will give them a lesson in respect.

(She passes swiftly between the men, twitches the napkin on which the breakfast is laid, and drags it away. Everything crashes to the ground.)

KOULIKOFF *(dancing with angry excitement).*— My best Nankin cups. Oh! my beautiful dishes! Her husband shall pay for this.

POLESKA.— I will [illegible] you on the spot. *(She boxes his ears.)* In one hour both of you shall be hanged.

KOULIKOFF *(rubbing his cheek).*— Ah! ha! Madame, you shall sing a different song when the Count hears of your assault upon his honored Intendant; you shall see, then, how in this part of the world we punish a disobedient and rebellious vassal.

POLESKA *(scornfully).*— A vassal!

KOULIKOFF.— Yes, a vassal. For that's what you are, in spite of your grand ways. You're no more of a Countess than I am—and *(to audience)* I look like a Countess, don't I?

MICHELINE.— What can this mean?

IVAN *(triumphantly).*— It means, my girl, that this young woman is not married to our Count de Woroffski, but to Alexis Petrovitch, his serf and my journeyman; a

Digitized by Google.

gallant young fellow, and too good for her, according to my way of thinking. *(Poleska makes a movement of horror, and stands gazing at him with dilated eyes.)* He married her in Buda the other day, under false pretenses to be sure; but I think any eye witness would allow he has got his punishment already. If you don't believe me, here he comes. Koulikoff, Micheline, let us leave the happy couple to themselves. I've no fancy for remaining on the battle field, when shot and shell are flying about my ears.

(Exeunt Ivan and Koulikoff R. D. bowing with mock solemnity; Micheline going last, looking back with sympathy; Ivan drags her angrily away.)

POLESKA *(at table L.)*.— Oh! my husband, why are you not here to protect your wife against the insolence of these barbarians; against dangers which I do not understand?

(Enter Alexis C. D. F. He comes slowly up behind her.)

ALEXIS.— Poleska!

POLESKA *(hearing his voice, turns with delight, offering to throw herself in his arms)*.— Oh! Gustave!

(He makes no movement in return, but stands with folded arms before her.)

POLESKA *(perceiving his peasant's dress, utters a cry and staggers)*.— Gustave! It is true then! Great Heavens! And I live!

(Alexis starts forward as if to take her in his arms, but restrains himself and stands with bent head as before.)

(Poleska catches at chair behind her and faces him, one hand holding her heart, her breath coming rapidly.)

ALEXIS.— Yes, Poleska, it is true. You see before you a man whose love for you conquered his reason. Too poor

Digitized by Google

and lowly to dream of winning you in my own estate, I was madly tempted to borrow from another the semblance of those advantages that might make me, in your sight, your peer. Now that you know my crime, judge me; not as Gustave, your lordly lover—but as Alexis, your guilty husband, who adores you, yet dares not take your hand.

POLESKA *(wildly)*.— Oh! No, never, never! Leave me, sir. You—a peasant—a serf—a vile impostor! Oh, my father; could you but know the degradation of your child! What punishment could be found that would equal such a crime?

ALEXIS.— In your country, death! Knowing that, as I did, confess that I loved you to risk it? For be he lord or peasant, the man who risks his life to gain the object of his devotion proves that his love is real.

POLESKA.— Love! The love of a serf! What love could give you the right to ally yourself to one of us?

ALEXIS.— You are the child of an officer who, without birth or fortune, has attained his present rank by bravery and personal merits alone. I, too, have served as he did—a Polish soldier fighting under the banner of France! If at the close of the campaign I resumed my former means of gaining a livelihood, why should I blush for it? The money I had laid up was sufficient for my wants, till, in an evil hour, I met you. That day I knew that I was poor! Why had I not treasures, palaces, equipages, jewels to lay at your feet? The Count de Woroffski would have shared with you his fortune—more he could not do. I gave you my all. For you I have sacrificed everything, my future—my life, perhaps. In return, punish me if you will, pardon me if you can,—but, pity me, Poleska.

POLESKA *(after a minute of silence, without looking at him)*.— Go!

Digitized by Google

ALEXIS *(beseechingly).*— Poleska!

POLESKA.— Call me no more by name. I owe allegiance to the noble Count de Woroffski. None to the slave, Alexis.

ALEXIS *(in a changed tone).*— One moment, Madame; in marrying me then, you thought only of my wealth and titles?

POLESKA.— You are free to suppose so.

ALEXIS.— I appeal to your heart. Try to remember how many times you said that none of these mere externals could add to or take from your tender wifely love. "Gustave" you murmured to me—"if fate had placed you in the lowest rank, my heart would have owned you only."

POLESKA *(catching her breath).*— That—that was said to one I still could respect.

ALEXIS *(proudly).*— Enough! Love can bear all but scorn. And now, since it is the moment for revelation, let me say to you, Madame, that, in whatever condition of life you might be placed, a nature like yours would make the misery of your husband.

POLESKA *(throwing back her head).*— Mine!

ALEXIS.— Yes, yours. Until now, I have schooled myself to bear with your scornful pride; but, after all, I am your husband; and I assert my authority.

POLESKA *(indignantly).*— You have no authority. The marriage is not valid

ALEXIS *(slowly and decisively).*— Our marriage holds. The contract which you cared not to examine, bears the simple name of Alexis Petrovitch—soldier and shoemaker—and you, like your husband, are a slave of the Count de Woroffski.

POLESKA *(fiercely).*— It is false! I am free! I obey nobody.

Digitized by Google

ALEXIS.— Excepting me, your lord and master. Until now I have entreated. Now I command—

(Enter Ivan and Micheline C. D. F. and come down softly.)

POLESKA *(satirically).*— What you command, sir, is absolutely without importance in my eyes.

ALEXIS *(continuing as if she had not spoken).*— and you will obey.

POLESKA *(folding her arms disdainfully).*— That, we shall see.

IVAN *(interrupting).*— Hollò there! A row in the household already?

ALEXIS.— Not at all, master. My wife is submitting with the best grace in the world.

IVAN *(raising hands and eyes).*— Then a miracle has been worked, that is all!

ALEXIS *(sarcastically).*— Yes, a miracle. And now, good master, instead of one servant you will have two. My wife will help Micheline at her housework.

POLESKA.— Housework!

ALEXIS *(coldly to Poleska).*— And you will ask Micheline to kindly lend you some clothes more suitable to your changed fortunes. Micheline, my good girl I am sure you will oblige my wife.

POLESKA *(scornfully).*— Your wife!

MICHELINE *(timidly).*— My Sunday best is at your service, my lady; and Nika says the blue bodice is quite lovely.

POLESKA *(crossing R.).*—Poleska de Fermstein stoop to wear a peasant's garb? Really, sir, your insults are accumulating.

(Ivan attempting to pat her on the shoulder, is fiercely repulsed by Poleska; Alexis makes a

Digitized by Google

threatening movement toward Ivan, unseen by Poleska, who drops exhausted upon bench R. covering her eyes with her hands).

IVAN.— Ta! Ta! Ta! good wife. Is that the way for a bride to talk in her honeymoon? I see you are not acquainted with our honest Muscovite fashion of settling such connubial difficulties. It's an old saying, friend Alexis, that a dog, a wife, and a walnut tree, the more you beat them the better they'll be. Allow me to recommend it. The method is rarely know to fail among us. Ah! if you had only seen my dear departed. She knew how to take a husband's chastisement, good soul.

MICHELINE *(kneeling at Poleska's side).*— Yes, and 'twas said the last one made an end of her.

POLESKA *(bursting into tears).*— Oh! what savages are these among whom I have fallen!

(Micheline comforts her.)

ALEXIS *(to Ivan angrily).*— Hold your tongue, master; you go too fast. Come, come, wife, you must obey more promptly. Go at once with Micheline into your chamber.

POLESKA *(rising confronts him).*— I will not go.

ALEXIS.— You will go.

POLESKA *(faltering a little).*— I—I will not.

ALEXIS *(imperatively and with a threatening gesture).* —You shall go at once—or——

POLESKA *(impetuously).*— Yes, I go; but of my own free will, remember. I go, to avoid insult from one I despise. Could I ever again be glad, it would be to free myself from your detestable presence.

(Exit R. D. followed by Micheline.)

IVAN *(aside, rubbing his hands gleefully).*— It's her turn, now, the little spitfire! *(Aloud.)* I congratulate you, my boy. Well done, for a beginning!

Digitized by Google

ALEXIS *(up C.)*.— Yes, it is well done, considering that I have the chill of death in my heart. Never mind, having begun, I'll go on.

IVAN.— That's the spirit. A little perseverance, and all will go well.

(Noise as of furniture upset heard off R.)

ALEXIS.— Don't mind it. It is only my wife at her toilet.

IVAN *(with a shrug)*.— Lively times, aren't they? As I was going to say, your only danger lies in the chance of her family taking up cudgels in her behalf.

ALEXIS.— It was for that reason that I brought her here, safely beyond the reach of their vengeance. And now, since I am resolved to settle in these parts, what do you say to selling me this cottage, with the furniture and tools, as it stands?

IVAN *(up C.)*.— Willingly, my boy. You are a capital workman, and a worthy fellow. You'll find the cottage comfortable; and, after all, there's no reason why you should not enjoy life here, when you've got your wife in harness. The things are not new, but they are serviceable. Look at that stove There you can lie and smoke your pipe in peace, while she sweeps, chops the fire wood, hoes the barley patch, rubs the horse down, or performs various other little duties of the kind.

ALEXIS *(laughing)*.— That's a fair division of labor now, isn't it?

IVAN.— Oh! We Muscovites know how to make women pay for the salt in their porridge. These benches are heirlooms. They belonged to my father's great grandfather. This table was bought brand new at the Bazaar—fifteen years ago. Then there's the old red cow, she that was sprinkled with holy water by the priest, last St. George's

Digitized by Google

Day; you might call her lean, but it's in the breed. Let me see—I'll throw in the cow and the good-will of the shop, for—I always like to be generous—suppose we were to fix the price at a thousand roubles, hey?

ALEXIS.—That's generous, certainly—to yourself.

IVAN.—Bah! That's no price at all for one who has been a wealthy nobleman.

ALEXIS *(with an air of severity).*—But for a poor workman, Master Ivan?

IVAN *(at R. eyeing him curiously).*—It appears to me he hasn't parted with everything belonging to his former estate. A hint is as good as a thump, says the proverb.

ALEXIS *(resuming his air of good fellowship).*—Agreed, Master; a thousand roubles be it. I have sent our carriage, the lady's maid and lackeys who accompanied my wife upon her journey, back to Wilna. From the sale of my equipage I will pay the money you demand.

IVAN.—Agreed. And may God give you health and the rank of General, friend Alexis.

(More noise heard off R. Micheline runs in R. D. which is slammed after her with violence.)

MICHELINE.—Oh, what a time. You will never in the world be able to manage her, Alexis All the chairs and tables knocked over, two new pitchers broken, our beautiful plaster cast of the Kremlin smashed. And I telling her, all the while, how angry father will be.

IVAN.—Angry. And what is it you know, boaster, except to go to merry-makings and set traps for a husband. I am never angry. Besides I have just concluded the sale of all those things to Alexis Petrovitch, here.

ALEXIS *(laughing).*—You can afford to be philosophical, Master.

MICHELINE.—And when I gave her my beautiful Sunday

Digitized by Google

clothes that Nika made—they are perfectly new, and fitted her as if they had been made for her—she dashed them on the floor, and trod on them. Sooner than work, she said, she'd starve herself, and then she would at least have the pleasure of getting you hanged.

IVAN. — The malice of a wife.

MICHELINE.— Then she saw two of our workmen talking under her window; she uttered a cry of joy, pushed me to the door, slammed it in my face, and then——

IVAN.— She'll never submit, not she.

ALEXIS.— I fear not—see, the door is opening—here she is. Leave us!

IVAN *(going).*— Come along, Micheline. You'd better try the good old Muscovite custom, Alexis. Beat your furs on feast days and your wife on all days, says the proverb.

(He makes the motion of beating. Alexis frowns and pushes him from the room. Exeunt Micheline and Ivan L. D. Enter Poleska R. D. dressed as a Russian peasant.)

POLESKA *(speaking off R.).*— Quick! Quick, and you shall have ten roubles for your pains. Die! Ah, no. It were sweeter far to live and be avenged.

(Crossing Alexis without looking at him.)

ALEXIS *(at R. surveying her with admiration).*— I am enchanted by your submission. Really, you gain by it more than you dream of. The costume suits you to perfection.

POLESKA *(at L. over her shoulder).*— Indeed.

ALEXIS.— May I ask with whom you were conversing just now?

POLESKA *(over her shoulder).*— Certainly. A young peasant I had summoned beneath my window to do an errand for me.

Digitized by Google

ALEXIS *(courteously).*— And the errand?

POLESKA *(meaningly).*— You shall know, in time.

ALEXIS.— I am satisfied to wait. And now, my dear, the day is passing by; you have assumed your peasant garb, suppose we set to work.

POLESKA.— I work? I stoop to work?

ALEXIS *(gently).*— No one stoops to honest labor. I may as well tell you that I have just bought this little property from Ivan. We are at home, you see. A tiny place, but weather-tight; we will pass many a cosy winter's evening here. Suppose you begin by putting things to rights, my dear. A peasant's wife must learn to know the use of this, for instance. *(He holds out to her a broom from R.)*

POLESKA *(with an outburst).*— No, I refuse! I—

(Alexis again offers her the broom, with a bow, as in the minuet de la cour; Poleska looks at him with scorn, then snatches the broom from his hand, and falls to sweeping angrily. She lifts the shoes disdainfully, and ends by throwing them wildly in every direction, some grazing Alexis, till he takes refuge on the stove, laughing.)

ALEXIS *(aside).*— What a pretty, trim figure, and how the rich blood mantles her cheek at the unwonted exercise! *(Aloud as Poleska sinks exhausted on chair L.)* Well done, well done, my dear; and now, as a peasant's wife is never idle, here is another task awaiting you.

(He goes back and lifts a spinning wheel from its corner. Poleska repulses him scornfully. Alexis makes a gesture enjoining obedience. She restrains herself with extreme effort.)

POLESKA *(aside).*— Revenge is close at hand. Ah, why can I not be satisfied to bide my time. *(Aloud, while Alexis*

Digitized by Google

is placing the spinning wheel in front of her.) It is impossible for me to refuse anything so courteously requested.

ALEXIS *(going back to shoe-bench and resuming work, with an air of satisfaction).*— This is as it should be.

(He begins the verse of a merry song, Poleska irritated by his cheerful air, works by fits and starts, tangles her thread, finally rises, takes out the distaff, tears off the flax and throws it at his feet. Alexis rises, taking a fresh distaff with flax nicely arranged from the corner, goes toward Poleska, sets wheel in order, and laying his hand on her shoulder, gently compels her to resume her seat.)

ALEXIS *(smiling).*— Try again, won't you? The second time is more likely to be a success.

POLESKA *(resigning herself).*— You are really too obliging. So much courtesy and high bred grace are hardly to be looked for in a serf.

(Alexis bows, returns to bench, and resumes his song. Poleska spins rapidly, then furiously fast. Very soft music here, and off and on till the end of Act III.)

ALEXIS *(dropping his work and watching her).*— Take care, pray, you will wound your hand. That pretty hand belongs to me, remember. It is my chief treasure, and I guard it with my life.

(Makes a movement toward her.)

POLESKA *(drawing back nervously).*— You forget yourself, sir.

ALEXIS *(smiling and resuming bench).*— No, I do not, Madame. *(Sadly.)* Yes, it is mine, struggle as you may, Poleska. Do you know that while sitting here watching you, I am foolish enough to think that even in this poor, sordid place we may be happy if you will it so. It is our

Digitized by Google

own, this humble home, and here the distractions of the great world can never come to us. In that world, a wealthy nobleman belongs to his duties, to the public—his wife to society—to her pleasures. They have hardly time to love each other, as we may, Poleska. *(He gradually draws nearer to her. Poleska sits, with drooping head and hands crossed in her lap.)* Think of it only, dearest, as I do. Look through my eyes into the future, and see yourself, exiled from the Court, to be sure, but enshrined in a loving heart forever. I will work for you, I will spare you all pain, I will worship you, loving as man never loved before——

(String music, tremolo, during this scene. He kneels beside her and puts his arms around her. Poleska starts violently, upsetting wheel. She springs from her chair and motions him away.)

POLESKA *(agitated).*— Go, go, I cannot bear it. *(With her former cold manner.)* Go back to your work.

(A noise outside. Enter Ivan and Micheline running C. D. L. Workmen, peasants, etc., follow.)

IVAN.— Bad luck, bad luck, Alexis. Let us fly at once. The guards already surround the house. This way, by Madame's chamber window. You and I are to be made prisoners, perhaps hung, to satisfy that little spitfire wife of yours. Oh, Alexis Petrovitch, this never would have happened, had you begun in time to practice Muscovite customs.

MICHELINE *(darting back from R. D. where she has gone to look for a way of escape).*— Too late! Too late. The way is cut off. Oh, Alexis! Oh, my poor, old father!

ALEXIS *(at R. C. calmly).*— This is your work, Poleska.

Digitized by Google

POLESKA *(standing L. her head thrown back triumphantly).*— This is my work, Alexis Petrovitch.

(Enter Koulikoff, with guards C. D. F.)

KOULIKOFF.— I'm very sorry, gentlemen, but my orders from the Castle are imperative, and admit of no delay.

IVAN *(crouching on bench, Micheline at his side; ruefully).*— And what will they do with me, neighbor Koulikoff?

KOULIKOFF *(at R. C. shrugging his shoulders).*— Hanging is suggested; but knouting may be accepted in its stead. *(Ivan winces.)*

ALEXIS *(at L. C.).*— At least, Intendant, you will explain the nature of the charge? What is our offense?

KOULIKOFF *(shrugs shoulders again).*— Offense? Oh, that's neither here nor there, when I have orders from the Castle. Say abduction, say conspiracy, say illegal detention of this female here. Who knows. Not Koulikoff. For thirty years it has been my habit to apply punishment to the serfs whenever the least opportunity offered. Let no man cross the path of Koulikoff when in pursuit of duty. Guard!

(Guards make forward movement.)

ALEXIS *(waves guards back).*— One moment, my good men—*(Draws near Poleska L.)* You have avowed this to be your act, Poleska. Then, be the consequences what they may, I submit. But a moment since, I was fond enough—fool enough—to dream that your heart felt a thrill answering to mine. How bitterly I deceived myself. At that very time you were counting the moments to elapse before I should be torn from your side forever. Farewell! Think sometimes, not alone of the shame and ignominy of the lot to which you have condemned me *(he draws nearer)*, but of my changeless love.

POLESKA.— Go! *(She waves him away. Alexis goes,*

Digitized by Google

then returns with impetuous movement; guards crossing bayonets to bar his way.)

ALEXIS.—Poleska?

(Poleska draws herself up to her full height, and points to the door. Guards close around Alexis and lead him away. Tableau. Curtain. As curtain rises on recall, stage is cleared of peasants, soldiers, etc. Alexis seen without in custody of guards. Poleska makes movement toward him with outstretched arms C. Tableau.)

Guard.

Alexis.

Guard.

Micheline, Koulikoff. *Poleska.*

Ivan.

Curtain.

Digitized by Google

ACT III.

(A drawing-room in the Château Woroffski, richly furnished, with furs, etc. Doors R. L. and C. in flat, sofa R., arm chairs, writing table, etc. Koulikoff is discovered arranging the furniture.)

KOULIKOFF.— At last everything is ready. Ouf! Since her arrival here, that little Baroness has kept me on the trot. What with her maids, and her lackeys, her pages and her pug dogs, her travelling cat and her travelling doctor, I've got my hands full! Orders and counter-orders, till my brain is fairly buzzing! And the work I've had to get our people in training. All hurrying and scurrying, hither and thither, everybody asking at once what he is to do. I've cut it short by ordering every man Jack of them to keep in the place I've given him, and not to stir from it if he don't want a taste of the lash. Trust Koulikoff to keep the idle vagabonds in order. *(Enter Micheline L. D.).*

MICHELINE *(pleadingly).*— God be with you, neighbor. I've been looking for you everywhere to ask if you won't help us a bit in our trouble. I know we can depend on you to say a good word for my father to the Baroness.

KOULIKOFF *(aside).*— She's changed her note, the pretty

Digitized by Google

pigeon. *(Aloud!)* Young woman! On one thing you may rely. If anybody can succeed in influencing the Baroness, in your behalf and that of your unfortunate father, you have done well to apply to Koulikoff Demetrovitch.

MICHELINE *(joyfully).*— Oh! how lucky that we have a friend in you. How good you are, Intendant.

KOULIKOFF.— So it is said! so it is said! but perhaps they flatter me.

MICHELINE.— Only get my poor old father set at liberty, and I'll be grateful to you forever.

KOULIKOFF *(aside).*— Now's my chance. *(Aloud.)* Do you know, Micheline, for a long time past I've been wanting to ask a favor of you?

MICHELINE.— Of me?

KOULIKOFF *(drawing near to Micheline who retires).* — Yes, of you, pretty one. Don't be afraid, it's only your advice.

MICHELINE *(with importance).*— Oh, my advice! Dear heart, you're welcome to *that.*

KOULIKOFF *(both at R. H.).*— Yes; give your whole mind to the subject, if you please. Fix your close attention on what I am about to say. *(Micheline nods assent.)* In the first place, in giving me an answer, you must promise not to flatter me, but to speak your mind quite frankly. *(Micheline nods again.)* In these days a good wife is not so easy to find, eh, Micheline? *(Micheline nods, but draws away from him.) (Drawing nearer.)* One of the kind that are up early at the wheel, that dust and sweep till the house is like a honey-comb. A tidy girl who runs about singing at her work; eh, Micheline? *(Micheline draws away, Koulikoff following her.)* They say it is harder still to find a good husband; a hale, hearty man, not young enough to be a fool; a man looked up to and admired by everybody; a

Digitized by Google

man who can afford to give his wife white bread every day, a gold chain for her neck, a carpet on the floor, and red wine to drink on holidays ; eh, Micheline?

MICHELINE *(looking back at d or and curtseying).*— And was that all you had to say to me, sir?

KOULIKOFF.— Not at all! I had just begun. The fact is, that I am thinking about getting married. How does it strike you, Micheline?

MICHELINE *(coquettishly).*— You want a fair answer, neighbor?

KOULIKOFF *(trying to take her hand).*— It will never be so fair as the speaker, pretty one.

MICHELINE *(crosses herself).*— Pray don't, sir; praises bring ill luck, you know.

KOULIKOFF.— Shall I take this for an answer, Micheline? *(Offers to kiss her.)*

MICHELINE *(eluding him, boxes his ears and runs to L. D.).*— Take *that* for an answer, you ugly old gray-beard! *(Exit Micheline, laughing L. D.)*

KOULIKOFF *(rubbing his ear).*— The second to-day; the jades are all alike. "He that has burnt himself with hot milk, should blow on cold water." This is the last time a woman shall get the better of Koulikoff, I'll swear! By the beard of Beelzebub, I'll not submit to it!

(Enter the Baroness Vladimir C. D. F. Koulikoff starts back in dismay and assumes a cringing attitude.

BARONESS.— What! has my brother not yet arrived?

KOULIKOFF *(at L. obsequiously).*— No, Madame la Baronne.

BARONESS.— Tiresome Gustave; he always was the most provoking dear fellow in the world. Here have I journeyed all the way from Warsaw on purpose to give him a joyful

Digitized by Google

surprise, and to greet my new sister-in-law, hoping to find a house full of people in honor of the nuptials, and all sorts of gayety. On the contrary, gloom, silence, desertion surround me, and I have to do my own honors. At least, you have news of your master, Intendant?

KOULIKOFF.— No, Madame. The Count has not yet honored his new property by a visit.

BARONESS *(looking around her).*— Certainly, this is superb. Such a gallery for balls out yonder. The rest of my luggage has been carried to my apartments?

(Koulikoff bows.)

BARONESS *(walking to and fro).*— And how in the name of wonder, am I to amuse myself until they come? *(Yawns.)* Positively I begin to be stupefied already. Ah! I remember. I am to administer justice, after the fashion of this barbarous region. I am to be the arbiter of Fate in this most romantic of love affairs. Delicious! I had quite forgotten my prisoners and my protégé. It all comes of Stephanie's stupidity in spilling chocolate on my china silk dressing gown. Fly! Intendant, and fetch these people to me. How stupid you were not to have thought of it before.

KOULIKOFF.— If Madame la Baronne pleases, Madame la Baronne did not give me time to think. *(Aside.)* Oh! these fine ladies.—— *(Exit ruefully C. D. F.)*

BARONESS.— Koulikoff!

KOULIKOFF *(re-entering).*— Madame la Baronne!

BARONESS.— Stay a moment, and don't go rushing off like that, when you know I have something to say to you. I— ah—gave the orders for the arrest rather hurriedly, you know, and I don't quite understand the merits of the case.

KOULIKOFF.— Madame la Baronne's orders were quite as hurriedly obeyed, I assure her.

Digitized by Google

BARONESS.— Don't waste time now, but tell me all about it. As soon as I arrive in my brother's castle, almost before I finish warming my feet, a note is put into my hand, imploring the protection of the Château Woroffski for an innocent young woman against the wrong and perfidy of barbarians who seek to hold her prisoner. I might have lived for years in Paris and nothing so delightful would have occurred. I was in haste, as I remarked before, so I just signed a general order to arrest everybody concerned and hold them until my brother's arrival. This is such a convenient country for that sort of thing!

KOULIKOFF.— It is indeed, Madame la Baronne.

BARONESS.— What do you mean, man? Don't presume to agree with me when I state a general proposition.

KOULIKOFF.— Perhaps Madame would like to examine the witnesses in the case?

BARONESS *(clasping hands).*— The witnesses—what are they? Yes, of course. *(Settles herself on sofa R.)* This is exactly like amateur theatricals—without the quarrelling. Bring in your witnesses, Intendant.

(Exit Koulikoff L. D. after putting foot stool, etc. Re-enter Koulikoff followed by Ivan and Micheline L., Koulikoff goes behind sofa R.)

BARONESS *(disappointed).*— What—that old thing—and a girl of her age! preposterous! Well, my good man, and what is the sad story they are telling me about your enticing this poor little creature into a marriage against her will. Fie, for shame! one wouldn't have expected it of such a respectable looking, venerable old party as you are. By the way, what a capital figure you'd make for a fancy ball; an elderly Adonis, ha-ha-ha!

IVAN *(L. C. puzzled; aside).*— Women have long hair

Digitized by Google

and short wits; says the proverb: but I'm blest if I know what to make of this one.

KOULIKOFF *(L. of sofa).*— Your pardon, Madame, but you are laboring under a misapprehension. This man is not the principal in the case; but only the shoemaker at whose cottage the affair occurred, and the girl is his daughter, Micheline. *(Aside.)* Little viper!

BARONESS *(sharply).*— His daughter; then they are not the right ones, after all. What a dunce you are, Intendant, to have allowed me to think these people were the—ah—principals in the case! They don't amuse me in the least!

IVAN.— If I am permitted to explain in full, my lady——

BARONESS *(yawning).*— Oh, pray don't, my good man. I'm convinced that you are long-winded. People in your class of life always are, you know. Koulikoff, I think, on the whole, I am tired of witnesses. Bring me something else.

KOULIKOFF.— And Madame has, then, no special orders in reference to these prisoners?

BARONESS.— Keep the old man somewhere, and let the girl go to my apartment. I shall try to coax that jealous Stephanie into letting me have her for an under-maid.

IVAN *(aside).*— Takes seven women to make one soul, says the proverb. Whew! only fancy seven like that!

(Exeunt Ivan and Micheline L. D.)

KOULIKOFF.— The wife of Alexis Petrovitch awaits your orders in the ante-chamber, Madame.

BARONESS *(taking up embroidery).*— Show her in at once, man; don't delay, when you know that I am dying of curiosity.

KOULIKOFF *(aside).*— Oh! these fine ladies!

(Exit Koulikoff L. D.)

BARONESS.— I'm actually enjoying myself. Now for the real heroine of this pretty pastoral.

Digitized by Google

(Enter Koulikoff L. D. leading Poleska, whose head is drooping, her eyes cast down.)

KOULIKOFF *(patronizingly).*— Draw near, my good woman. Have no fear; Madame la Baronne Vladimir, the sister and representative of our gracious master, deigns to receive you and listen to your story.

POLESKA *(turning on him haughtily).*— That will do. Bring me a seat, and leave us.

KOULIKOFF *(aside).*— Hoity-toity—bring me a seat—the most refreshing piece of impudence Koulikoff has encountered yet.

(He bustles round to back of sofa R. where Baroness sits. Poleska remains standing.)

POLESKA *(aside bitterly).*— He is right. I forget my station.

(Baroness trifles negligently with her dress, leisurely adjusts her eye-glass, then bestows a stare upon Poleska.)

BARONESS *(aside).*— Upon my word, a remarkably good looking creature for a peasant! *(Aloud.)* So it appears, my dear, that you have been trifled with. How very shocking! For a man to trifle with a woman is to undermine the whole structure of society. For a woman to trifle with a man is quite another thing! What is your name?

POLESKA.— Poleska.

BARONESS.— And whence do you come?

POLESKA.— From Buda, in Hungary.

BARONESS.— From Buda! Is it possible? Perhaps, then, you have chanced to hear of the distinguished General de Fermstein?

POLESKA *(C. starting, aside).*— My father! Can it be that she suspects me? *(Aloud.),* Yes Madame, I knew him well. I—we—our family owe everything to his goodness.

Digitized by Google

BARONESS.— How very odd! Maybe you can give me some tidings of my new sister-in-law. I set out on my annual journey to Paris, just as my brother, the Count Woroffski, was beginning to talk about this beautiful Mlle. de Fermstein, whom he had seen at a ball when in Baden. Like a good sister, I made it my business to find out everything disagreeable I could about the girl; and I assure you it was not difficult. Such tales as they tell of her temper! Well, I went off to Paris; and on my return, recently, I received one of my brother's short, unsatisfactory telegrams, informing me that he proposed to marry Mlle de Fermstein on such a date, and would go to the Château immediately, to pass his honeymoon. I always was an impetuous creature, and my husband, the Baron, decidedly disapproved of the whole business. So that was quite enough to make me start off at a moment's notice and take this long, miserable journey.

POLESKA *(much agitated).*— Oh! Madame, spare me. I—oh! *(She bursts into tears, sits L.)*

BARONESS *(glass at eye; astonished).*— This girl is certainly mad. Young woman, I must beg of you to restrain yourself. I am not accustomed to such emotional demonstrations from people in your rank of life. *(Resumes.)* Of course, under the present circumstances, my feelings towards Mlle. de Fermstein are quite different; I am prepared to meet her as a sister. *(Aside to audience.)* We all know what that means. *(Aloud.)* But that doesn't prevent your telling me any bits of gossip you may have heard about her —something light and spicy—a tiny indiscretion, you know. They do say she was not entirely to blame for her horrible temper. That her father, a weak old fellow, spoiled her from her cradle and worshipped the very ground she trod on.

Digitized by Google

POLESKA.— Oh, he did—he did. And you are right, she was not worthy of such love—the noblest, truest father that was ever cursed with an unhappy child.

BARONESS *(eagerly).*— Then you do know something against her? This really becomes exciting.

POLESKA *(rising, with dignity).*— I know this, Madame, that her worst indiscretion has been bitterly punished by her terrible fate. Yes, Madame la Baronne, I am Poleska de Fernstein; not the wife of your brother, as you and— Heaven help me—as I believed—but the victim of a foul conspiracy, by which I find myself married to a vile usurper of your brother's rank and name. The telegram to you was no doubt part of the plot.

BARONESS.— Can this be possible, Mademoiselle; I mean, Madame?

POLESKA.— Unfortunately, it is. Judge, therefore, whether I, Poleska de Fermstein, have not the right to claim of you and yours protection for myself—and—*(between her teeth),* punishment for him. *(Goes up stage.)*

BARONESS *(fanning herself and using salts).*— Horrible, horrible! my dear, you make me really ill! What a blow to society! The villain to dare to send me a telegram! But pray tell me, child, what sort of a creature is this thief—this outlaw; is he at all a good-looking fellow, perchance?

(Poleska's eyes droop. Baroness turns to Koulikoff inquiringly. Koulikoff R. of sofa.)

KOULIKOFF.— Y-e-s, Madame la Baronne, I am constrained to admit that he is not ill-looking, and that he bears himself with astonishing coolness—the rogue. One would think he had been born to command—the scoundrel.

BARONESS.— Indeed? Now, I begin to be really interested. I must have him in, at once. My dear child, set your mind at rest. You are under my care, and if it will give you

Digitized by Google

the least satisfaction, I will order your husband to be hanged upon the spot.

POLESKA *(starting violently, her hand upon her heart).* — Oh! Madame la Baronne, not that, not that.

BARONESS.— Somebody ought to be hanged, I am sure. Gustave will be very much vexed if I don't hang somebody.

POLESKA.— Then take Ivan, the shoemaker, or your Intendant there. I believe they are both in the plot.

KOULIKOFF *(knees knocking together).*— Good Lord!

POLESKA *(beseechingly).*— All I ask, Madame, is that you will send me back to my father.

BARONESS.— I will do better, my dear child. I will conduct you there myself. What a sensation for society! Mlle. de Fermstein, the proudest beauty of the Court, married to a serf!

POLESKA.— What humiliation!

BARONESS *(eagerly).*— I declare, I almost wish I were there already, to hear what people will say But the main thing is, to dissolve the marriage. Of course there will be no difficulty in finding a plea for divorce. He—this Alexis—is rough and brutal? Violent and cruel, eh?

POLESKA.— He? Ah, no, he is gentleness itself.

BARONESS.— Well, then, state your grievance as you please, only be quick about it. *(Poleska remains silent.)*

BARONESS.—Good Heavens! girl, did I ever before see a wife at a loss for a grievance against her husband?

KOULIKOFF.— With submission, Madame la Baronne. Madame la Baronne perhaps forgets that the Count himself, without tedious processes of law is able to break the marriage of his serf.

BARONESS.— True! they manage somethings far better here than in Paris! How lucky for Mlle. de Fermstein. Go, my dear, into my chamber; draw up your petition for divorce,

Digitized by Google

sign it and give it to me. The rest shall be speedily settled.

POLESKA *(reluctantly).*— Y-e-e-s—Madame; but afterwards——

BARONESS *(mimicking Poleska).*— Afterwards? What do you mean? You are free. You return to your father. You will never see this wretch again. What more would you have?

POLESKA.— And he—Gustave—Alexis, I would say—he will be at liberty to marry—again?

BARONESS.— Certainly, and so will you, my dear, so cheer up. *(A knock at L. D.)*

KOULIKOFF *(aside).*—That's the villain, the hero of all this rumpus. I locked him into the little blue cabinet an hour ago. *(Aloud.)* I forgot to say Madame la Baronne, that this man demanded to be shown to your presence, as if it were his right, confound him.

POLESKA *(going and returning impetuously).*— Ah, Madame, see him. Talk to him. Console him, tell him I wish him no further ill, but tell him how unalterable is the resolution I have taken to see him no more——I mean, the resolution I am about to take.

(Exit Poleska in tears R. D. Baroness looks after her curiously and smiles.)

BARONESS.— Intendant, produce your prisoner. How nice it is to administer justice! I am quite in the humor of the thing. And now to meet this bold, bad man! I must be as stern and dignified as the situation demands.

(Knocking continues.)

KOULIKOFF *(going slowly, opens L. D).* What manners for a jail bird!

(Enter Alexis L. D. Baroness looks up, and utters a cry of astonishment, but is met by a warning gesture.)

Digitized by Google

BARONESS *(aside).*— My brother here, in peasant's garb? Impossible!

ALEXIS.— Madame la Baronne, I beg of you to require this man to leave us. What I would say to you needs no witness.

KOULIKOFF *(swelling with rage).*— Do you hear that? Madame la Baronne, I protest.

BARONESS *(without looking at Koulikoff).*— Leave us, fellow!

KOULIKOFF *(to Alexis).*— Leave us, fellow!

ALEXIS *(menacingly).*— Leave *us*, fellow!

(Koulikoff shrinks back.)

BARONESS.— Take pens, ink and paper, Koulikoff, to the young lady in my room. Remain outside until candles are required.

KOULIKOFF *(aside.)*— He "fellow" me! A miserable vassal I shall probably be called upon to knout before bed time. Won't I lay it on for this, though?

(Exit Koulikoff R. D.)

BARONESS *(throwing herself in the arms of Alexis).*— Gustave, my dear brother, you here, in this disguise! What a comedy! Oh! I shall die of laughter!

GUSTAVE.— I don't feel in the least like laughing, Leontine, I assure you. To be cooped up in that stuffy blue cabinet for an hour is no joke.

BARONESS.— This mystery—this adventure—delicious as it is, I don't in the least understand it. You have this moment arrived?

GUSTAVE.— I have been in the neighborhood for the past three days on business, which involves the happiness of my entire life. And your imprudence, my dear sister, has nearly ruined me—that's all.

BARONESS *(laughing).*— Ruined you! Are you, then,

Digitized by Google

the hero of this little romance? Oh! this is too delicious for anything! *(Sits.)*

GUSTAVE *(sitting on stool beside Baroness).*— Leontine, I was married to Poleska de Fermstein a week ago. This is our honeymoon, and already I am the most miserable of men.

BARONESS *(shrugging shoulders).*— Are you surprised at that? Gustave, dear, I am dying of impatience. Tell me the story in detail.

GUSTAVE.— You remember, Leontine, when I first fell passionately in love with Mlle. de Fermstein, at a ball in Baden, and without even making her acquaintance, how I told you that she and no other should be my wife?

BARONESS — Yes, and if I mistake not, I gave you some advice which you religiously failed to appreciate.

GUSTAVE.— Of what use is advice to a man who is in love? Well, when, upon my next visit to Buda, I was presented to her in form, I rushed more blindly to my fate. I would have her—I worshipped her madly—I—married her. Alas! Her arrogance, her pride of rank, her scorn of inferiors are irrepressible. I soon saw that the welfare of our married life was at stake. I resolved to cure her; and adopted a heroic remedy. Poleska's ardent desire to visit our newly acquired estates in this region gave me the opportunity I desired. Poor Poleska! It was a bitter cup I offered her to drink! *(He stops abruptly.)*

BARONESS.— And now, you dear, odd, Quixotic Gustave —and now?

GUSTAVE *(sadly).*— Now, hope has departed. My wife despises me.

BARONESS.—And it is to your naughty, mischief-making sister you owe the chief part of your trouble. For had I not sent so promptly to arrest you and your fellow villains, you

Digitized by Google

might by this time have won over your Poleska to regard with complacency her future life spent in a hovel at your side. Ha, ha, ha!

GUSTAVE.— I think she loves me, Leontine—did love me, at least, after her fashion. And as ill luck would have it just as I set the finishing touch to my structure of cards, down came the whole fabric crashing to the ground.

BARONESS *(twirling her fan).*— Gustave, with all your knowledge of society and of women, you are a very tyro in a matter of this kind. If I were not so sorry for you, poor boy, I should tell you that you deserve all you have got, for making such an experiment; but I'll be merciful. What if I tell you a secret, Gustave? What if I whisper in your ear that, in my opinion, Poleska is as much in love with you at this moment as you are with her?

GUSTAVE.— Leontine! My darling sister!

BARONESS.— And if I prove it?

GUSTAVE *(kissing her hand).*— Ah, Leontine, do not jest with me. Prove it and I forgive all.

(Enter Koulikoff C. D. F. with candle. He stops, with exaggerated gestures of surprise, and backs out discreetly, finger on lip.)

KOULIKOFF *(aside).*— Making love to the Baroness in ten minutes' time. I'll hurry off and tell his wife. One always likes to be the first to tell exciting news. W-h-e-w!

(Exit C. D. F.)

BARONESS *(archly).*— In the first place, she was not at all anxious to have you hanged.

GUSTAVE *(shrugging shoulders.)*— Is that all?

BARONESS.— When I abused you, she took your part; that might have been through contradiction, to be sure. I have often done so myself. But when I proposed to annul your marriage on the spot, to my surprise she demanded

Digitized by Google

time for reflection. She wavered—she wept—in short, Gustave, I believe that Poleska is on the brink of offering to share your fortunes, good or ill.

GUSTAVE.— You are in earnest, Leontine?

BARONESS.— For once, yes. When a pretty woman demands time for reflection, it is safe to assume that she is about to commit a folly.

GUSTAVE.— If I could hope! Oh! my Poleska. Oh! Leontine! *(Offers to embrace her.)*

BARONESS.— Keep that for Poleska, my dear boy. I know the lover's liturgy by heart. Hark! some one comes.

(Enter Koulikoff R. D. pompously, bearing paper.)

KOULIKOFF.— Madame la Baronne, I have the honor to present to you a paper this moment signed and committed to me by Mlle. de Fermstein.

(Koulikoff retires up. Baroness takes it eagerly, glances at it and looks with alarm at her brother. Gustave takes the paper from her and reads it.)

GUSTAVE.— All is over. Pride has conquered. This is the petition for our divorce, signed by Poleska with a firm hand. Let me not be behind her in courage.

(He walks quickly to the table, writes and returns paper to the Baroness.)

GUSTAVE.— You will give this, signed by Gustave, Count de Woroffski, to Mlle. de Fermstein without delay. Her marriage with Alexis Petrovitch is annulled. It is my wish that the young lady be returned at once, in a style suitable to her rank, to her father, the General de Fermstein, and that you, Baroness, accompany her. *(To Koulikiff, aloud.)* Have a carriage made ready, and order servants to be in attendance upon these ladies.

Digitized by Google

KOULIKOFF *(at C. D. F.)*— And by whose authority, may I ask?

GUSTAVE *(L. stamping foot).*— By whose authority, varlet? By my—at least—with the gracious permission of Madame la Baronne. What is more, let them set at liberty my late master, Ivan, the shoemaker, with a purse of one hundred roubles, to make amends for his imprisonment.

(Koulikoff looks in astonishment at Baroness.)

BARONESS.— Go, Koulikoff. These are my orders.

(Koulikoff lingers, aghast).

GUSTAVE *(perceiving Koulikoff, angrily)* — What, still here? Fifty blows of the knout for your own share—at least—with the gracious permission of Madame la Baronne.

(Koulikoff flies in dismay.)

BARONESS *(laying hand on Gustave's shoulder).*— Gustave, dear, this is dreadful. If you would only see her once again, all would go well, I'm sure.

GUSTAVE.— Enough, Leontine. Go and make ready for your journey. Breathe no word to Poleska of my real rank and condition until you give her to her father's hand. I will prepare for you a letter to him, telling him all. When you have left the Castle, I will announce myself to my people.

(Enter Poleska C. D. F. He leads Baroness to R. D, and parts from her affectionately. Poleska watches them.)

BARONESS *(aside).*— Thank Heaven, that I am not his wife; and now for woman's wit; one more expedient, before I lay my sceptre down. *(Exit Baroness R. D.)*

POLESKA.— It is true then, and Koulikoff did not deceive me. Already Alexis has sought consolation in another's smiles. *(She comes forward.)*

GUSTAVE *(perceiving Poleska, bows coldly).*— You have

Digitized by Google

decreed our separation, Mademoiselle, and the Count has signed the paper. You are freed forever from the tie you found so hateful. In a few moments you will leave behind the Château Woroffski and all the odious memories it contains. Alexis, the serf, passes out of your life like an evil dream, and perchance you will soon form an alliance worthy of your rank and expectations.

POLESKA.— You might have spared me that sneer. You make no account of my blighted life, the scorn and humiliation that await me.

(Her head droops and she turns away to hide her tears.)

GUSTAVE *(quickly).*— Tears, Poleska? and I have brought them to your eyes. Oh! pardon something to a man mad with the sense of loss. I am mad, I confess it, when I see you go from me, without a token of regret.

(He takes her hand. Poleska draws back.)

POLESKA.— You mistake me for the Baroness, perhaps.

GUSTAVE *(bewildered).*— What do you mean? Leontine? The Baroness Vladimir? Ridiculous.

POLESKA *(fiercely).*— I might have pardoned all, Alexis, until I heard from Koulikoff and saw for myself what passed between you and one till now a stranger.

GUSTAVE *(aside).*— Jealous! Thank Heaven! *(Aloud.)* What you saw, Poleska, was no exhibition of mere gallantry, but of gratitude from the bottom of my heart to a noble lady who had promised to win back my wife for me. Now the protection she has offered me will avail little. Let the Count's sentence be what it may, fate can give me nothing worse than this.

POLESKA *(at L.).*— Sentence! Great Heavens! Alexis, are they going to do anything to you?

GUSTAVE.— You can hardly suppose that the Count de

Digitized by Google

Woroffski will allow to pass unpunished such audacity in his serf? Stripes, banishment, death perhaps.

(Alexis withdraws to chair at table R. drops his head moodily on his hands without looking towards her.)

POLESKA *(screams).*— Death— Oh! Alexis — never! never! Let us escape together. I love you! I *cannot live without you!*

(She crosses the stage and throws herself on her knees at his side.)

GUSTAVE *(lifting her to her feet, clasping her in his arms, then putting her from him).*— Think twice, Poleska. He whose fortune you would share is no proud Count, but an humble peasant, and the life to which you would go, a life of toil and poverty.

POLESKA.— Let me fly, Alexis—no matter where, so that you are with me. Every moment's delay will endanger you.

(They hurry towards C. D. F. and push it open to be met by Koulikoff, Ivan, Micheline, guards, and servants.)

KOULIKOFF *(to guards).*— Arrest that fellow, and conduct him without delay into the Count's chamber to await his sentence from Madame la Baronne. As for you, Mlle. de Fermstein, your carriage waits, and Madame la Baronne desires your immediate attendance in her chamber.

POLESKA *(her arm in that of Alexis).*— Say to Madame la Baronne that I prefer to remain with my husband.

KOULIKOFF *(extending paper).*— Begging your pardon, Mlle. de Fermstein, you haven't any husband. Here is your decree of absolute divorce which Madame la Baronne directs me to hand to you. Move on, prisoner.

Digitized by Google

(Gustave goes out C. D. F. with guards; Poleska remains with arms outstretched towards him.)

MICHELINE.— Oh, Madame, then they mean to make you a great lady once more whether you will or not.

KOULIKOFF.— And pray what business have you to prate, malapert? The Count's word is our law, and what the law decrees, let none gainsay.

MICHELINE *(scornfully)*.— And does the law expect her to forget her poor young husband in exile and in sorrow? For after all, she wants him for her husband, and he wants her for his wife, and the law can't alter that, I suppose?

KOULIKOFF.— Hum! I'm not so sure. Lawyers are very clever.

MICHELINE *(to Poleska, who is weeping upon her shoulder)*.— Ah! Madame, cheer up! who knows but there are brighter days in store for you? If we could only manage to offer a big rouble taper to our Lady of Kazan! Why—last week when I had quarrelled with Osip at the Fair, I set two little copeck candles only, before her shrine, and—and, the foolish lad was back again by Sunday.

IVAN *(coming forward)*.— Come, come, chatterbox. So our would-be Countess takes the opposite side. That's the way with you women. If I ever told my old woman to get up early, she'd lie abed three days at a stretch. If I wanted her to go to sleep, she'd sit on the stove and wag her tongue till daybreak. *(Movement of disgust from Poleska.)*

MICHELINE.— Let be, let be, father; the poor thing has trouble enough, dear knows.

(Enter Baroness R. D. dressed for traveling.)

BARONESS.— Come, Mlle de Fernstein, my dear, this will never do. You have absolutely left yourself no time to return to the garb of civilization. Micheline here, will attend you. Do go and make yourself presentable for our journey.

Digitized by Google

POLESKA.— No, dear Madame; if you will only give me back Alexis I will never wear another dress than this.

BARONESS.— My dear child, this is simply ridiculous. You are soon to be away from this wretch who has deceived you. You will meet some other more worthy of your love; and together, one day, you will laugh at the poor fool who once risked his life to win you.

POLESKA.— Oh, Madame, have pity on me. Do you not see that I love him, that my only happiness would be to follow him to exile?

IVAN.— Well, as I'm a free man with a hundred roubles in my pocket, I do believe she wants him back again.

MICHELINE.— Of course she does, father, and small blame to her, poor dear.

BARONESS *(to Poleska, coldly)*.— Did you not, of your own free will, demand this separation?

POLESKA.— Oh, I did, I did, in a moment of madness. Madame, you are a woman; you can understand.

IVAN.—If she can, I can't.

MICHELINE *(sighing)*.— I can. *(Wiping her eyes.)* He's a beautiful young man.

BARONESS.— I have no longer the right. My brother has returned; the matter has passed into his hands. The Count is at this moment going into the gallery to give audience to his vassals. Stop crying, child, you will make a fright of yourself. If you say so, although it is contrary to custom, I will send word for him to come here. You will see what a brother I have—so grand—so noble—and above all, so just. What say you? Shall I send for him?

POLESKA.— Yes. Stay! What shall I do? What say to him?

BARONESS.— Whatever your heart prompts.

Digitized by Google

POLESKA.— Do you think he will be merciful; that he will give me back Alexis?

BARONESS.— Perhaps. He has a very feeling heart.

POLESKA.— Then send for him. On my knees will I implore him.

BARONESS *(goes to table, writes hurriedly, rings bell; enter attendant R. D.)*.— See that the Count Woroffski receives this, at once. *(Exit attendant R. D.)*

KOULIKOFF— The Count! He has arrived without my knowing it. Let me fly in search of my keys.

(Exit Koulikoff C. D. F. March music heard back.)

BARONESS *(to Poleska.)*— He is coming! Remain there. *(Points to back.)* When I summon you to come forward— you know the rest.

(Poleska retires back. Enter peasants and servants. Groups right and left. Baroness Vladimir goes about, receives greetings and salutes. Last of all, enter Gustave, Count de Woroffski, dressed in rich uniform, with orders, etc. March ceases. Soft music during this scene.)

GUSTAVE.— You sent for me, Madame la Baronne?

BARONESS.— I did. *(Aside to him.)* Hope! Love has conquered.

GUSTAVE *(aside)*.— Thank Heaven!

(Baroness motions to Poleska, who comes forward, and without looking up throws herself upon her knees as the Count approaches.)

POLESKA *(offering paper)*.— Count de Woroffski, I beseech you to destroy this fatal paper, divorcing me from Alexis Petrovitch. I retract my appeal for separation. Whatever be his sentence I ask you to let me share it. He is good and noble and he has my whole heart I only, through my

Digitized by Google

wicked folly, have exposed him to this degradation, and my life's love shall atone for the wrong I have done him.

(The Count impetuously tears the paper and throws it away.)

GUSTAVE.— And should I condemn him and you to exile?

POLESKA *(kissing his hand).*— Thanks, my lord Count; a thousand thanks. Add one thing only to your bounty; restore to me my husband.

GUSTAVE *(C.).*— Look up, Poleska, he is here.

(Poleska looks up, utters a cry and flies into his embrace.)

BARONESS *(at L. C.).*— It is your sister's turn now Poleska. *(They embrace.)* It is true that I hardly expect to be forgiven for my share in Gustave's experiment, though there is one thing to comfort you, my child; you will have henceforth, every opportunity to punish him as he deserves.

POLESKA *(R. C.).*— I, Madame la Baronne?

BARONESS *(laughing).*— Yes, for is he not your husband?

(Enter Koulikoff L. D. in haste and confusion, bearing the keys of the Castle on a tray. He kneels with great humility before the Count.)

KOULIKOFF.— Monseigneur, I, your Intendant. *(Looks up.)* Good Lord! the insolent vassal——!

COUNT.— Yes, Koulikoff, the same, who, in this moment of supreme happiness, is weak enough to forgive you the knouting you deserve—at least—*(glances at Baroness)*, with the gracious permission of Madame——

BARONESS *(motioning towards Poleska).*— Of Madame la Comtesse. *(Koulikoff retires in confusion.)*

COUNT.— Come hither, friend Ivan, shoemaker and philos-

Digitized by Google

opher. What! not even a proverb ready to answer me with? *(Slaps him on shoulder.)* As for little Micheline, the sooner she finds a husband, the larger dowry will I bestow on her.

(Micheline kisses Poleska's hand gratefully. As she retires, Ivan pats her head, calls up Osip and joins their hands in dumb show.)

COUNT.— And now, Poleska, if any one should tremble, it is I. How can you ever pardon me?

POLESKA *(archly).*— You forget that Monseigneur has already pardoned my Alexis.

COUNT *(kneeling at her feet).*— Then may Poleska pardon Monseigneur.

Curtain.

Digitized by Google

The Outcast's Daughter A Drama in Four Acts

By MARION EDDY PRICE, 25 CENTS

Ten male, five female and one child characters. Plays two and one-half hours. Modern costumes. Three interior, one exterior scenes, all easily arranged where there is any scenery at hand. No stronger melodrama has been given the play-loving public. Full of the strongest appealing heart interest, intense, pathetic, real life, where joy and laughter are mingled with pathos and suffering, but all ending happily. A melodrama without a villain or the use of firearms. Amateurs may play it successfully, it plays itself, and it is adapted to strong repertoire companies.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Carl Faber.....An ex-convict
Howard Ross.....A manufacturer
Dennis Hogan.....Servant to Ross
Abel.....Gardener to Ross
Judge Havens.....Of the police court
Recorder.....Of the police court
Lettner.....Clerk of police court
Second Court Clerk.....Clerk of police court
Two policemen.....
Little Hugo.....Agatha's child
Agatha Steme.....Ross' bookkeeper
Ida Rheinhold.....A retired singer
Mrs. Wilmuth.....A washerwoman
Katie.....Factory girl
Frances.....Factory girl

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

Act 1. Ross' private office. "What has given me the honor of this visit?" "I will never sing again. My life has been a sad failure." "Good God! My mother!" "I have done wrong, I confess, but when a mother asks, a child must forgive. Oh, Mr. Ross, help me." "You, my rich and famous mother, to you I was nothing, and you—you are nothing—nothing to me." "Agatha! Agatha! My child! My child!"

Act 2. Agatha's attic. "My poor father. So young and strong. How I could have loved him." "Yes, Katie is right, I have nothing but bread for my sweet child." "Madam, I vould lie if I say she vas anything but a lady." "On the other side, towards the garden, there are a few rooms I have never used. If you will take them——" "You do not look like a man who could commit murder. How was it?" "I was a weak man and many misfortunes made me desperate." "My picture! I must be mad." "You are good, child, but you shall not call me father." "Father! Father!"

Act 3. Ross' Garden. "He is so good to me, but I cannot forget my poor unhappy father." "The picture was taken when I was young. He shall have it." "Stay here and be my wife." "That suspicious old man is in the garden." "For her I sacrificed everything." "Do you want to go to prison again?" "My father needs me to defend and comfort him."

Act 4. A Police Court. "Do not ask me, your honor—I am an ex-convict." "Your silence will not help you." "It vas dark und Mrs. Steme vas that scared she vas faint." "I hope, sor, yer honor believes in a future life, sor." "He wished to see his child; I am his child." "Grandfather, we love you." "I am his wife. Do not condemn him."

Address Orders to
THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Digitized by Google

Diamonds and Hearts

A Comedy Drama in Three Acts

By EFFIE W. MERRIMAN

Price, 25 cents

This play has become one of the most popular in America. The good plot, the strong "heart" interest, and the abundant comedy all combine to make a most excellent drama. "Bub" Barnes is a fine character of the Josh Whitcomb type, and his sister is a worthy companion "bit." Sammy is an excruciatingly funny little darkey. The other characters are good. Fine opportunity for introducing specialties. The play has so many good points that it never fails to be a success.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

BERNICE HALSTEAD, a young lady of eighteen, with an affection of the heart, a love for fun and hatred of arithmetic.....
AMY HALSTEAD, her sister, two years younger, fond of frolic..
INEZ GRAY, a young lady visitor, willing to share in the fun....
MRS. HALSTEAD, a widow, and stepmother of the Halstead girls
HANNAH MARY BARNES, or "Sis," a maiden lady who keeps house for her brother.....
DWIGHT BRADLEY, a fortune hunter and Mrs. Halstead's son by a former marriage.....
DR. BURTON, a young physician.....
SAMMY, the darkey bell-boy in the Halstead house.....
ABRAHAM BARNES, or "Bub," a yankee farmer, still unmarried at forty—a diamond in the rough.....
ATTORNEY; SHERIFF .....

Time of playing, two hours.
Two interior scenes. Modern costumes.

SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS

Act. 1. Parlor of the Halstead home. The young doctor. The three girls plot to make his acquaintance. An affection of the heart. "Easy to fool a young doctor," but not so easy after all. The stepmother and her son. The stolen diamonds. The missing will. Plot to win Bernice. "I would not marry Dwight Bradley for all the wealth the world contains." Driven from home.

Act 2. Kitchen of the Barnes' farm house. Bub takes off his boots. The new school ma'am. "Supper's ready." "This is our nephew and he's a doctor." Recognition. A difficult problem in arithmetic. The doctor to the rescue. "I'm just the happiest girl in the world." "I've come to pop the question, an' why don't I do it?" Brother and sister. "If it's a heifer, it's teh be mine." The sheriff. Arrested for stealing the diamonds. "Let me knock yer durned head off." The jewels found in Bernice's trunk.

Act 3. Parlor of the Halstead home. "That was a lucky stroke—hiding those diamonds in her trunk." The schemer's plot miscarries. Abe and Sammy join hands. The lawyer. "Bully for her." Bradley tries to escape. "No, ye don't!" Arrested. "It means, dear, that you are to be persecuted no more." Wedding presents, and a war dance around them. "It is no trick at all to fool a young doctor."

Address Orders to
THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Digitized by Google

Won Back

A Play in Four Acts

By

CLIFTON W. TAYLEUR

Price, 25 cents

Six male, four female characters. A play written in the same vein as "Held by the Enemy," "Shenandoah," "Across the Potomac," and other great New York successes. Mr. Tayleur has written many successful plays, but this striking picture of the stirring times of the Great Rebellion surpasses them all. Costumes, civil and military of the period. Scenes, two interiors, and one landscape with Confederate camp, easily managed. Time of playing, two hours and thirty minutes.

SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS

ACT I—Drawing-room, Arlington, Washington—1860

"Whom first we love, you know, we seldom wed;
Time rules us all: and life indeed is not
The thing we planned it out, ere hope was dead,
And then, we women cannot choose our lot."

In fetters—The rivals—North and South—The coy widow—A noted duelist—An old affection—The dismissal—The rivals meet—"You shall answer for this"—Farewell.

ACT II—Same Scene—1860

"Who might have been—Ah, what, I dare not think!
We are all changed. God judges for the best.
God help us do our duty, and not shrink,
And trust in Heaven humbly for the rest."

Broken ties—A Vassar girl's idea of matrimony—A Washington savage—Schooling a lover—Affairs of honor—The Northern free-eater—The missing challenge—Betrothed.

ACT III—Drawing-room in New York Hotel—1861

"With bayonets slanted in the glittering light
With solemn roll of drums,
With starlit banners rustling wings of night,
The knightly concourse comes."

To arms! To arms!—Stand by the flag—A woman's duty—A skirmish in the parlor—On to Richmond—Reunited—The passing regiment.

ACT IV—Confederate Camp at Winchester 1864

"No more shall the war cry sever, or the winding river be red;
They banish our anger forever, when they laurel the graves of our dead."

A cowards' armor—A hand to hand struggle—Hugh captured—Sentenced to be shot—A ministering angel—Harold King's revenge—The attack on the camp—Death of King—After the battle—Won back.

Address Orders to

THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Digitized by Google

Capt. Racket

A Comedy in Three Acts

By CHARLES TOWNSEND

Price, 25 cents

This play by Mr. Townsend is probably one of his most popular productions; it certainly is one of his best. It is full of action from start to finish. Comic situations rapidly follow one after another, and the act endings are especially strong and lively. Every character is good and affords abundant opportunity for effective work. Can be played by five men and three women, if desired. The same scene is used for all the acts, and it is an easy interior. A most excellent play for repertoire companies. No seeker for a good play can afford to ignore it.

CHARACTERS

CAPT. ROBERT RACKET, one of the National Guard. A lawyer when he has nothing else to do, and a liar all the time.....Comedy lead

OBADIAH DAWSON, his uncle, from Japan, "where they make tea".....Comedy old man

TIMOTHY TOLMAN, his friend, who married for money, and is sorry for it.....Juvenile man

MR. DALROY, his father-in-law, jolly old cove.....Eccentric

HOBSON, waiter from the "Cafe Gloriana," who adds to the confusion.....Utility

CLARICE, the Captain's pretty wife, out for a lark, and up to "anything awful".....Comedy lead

MRS. TOLMAN, a lady with a temper, who finds her Timothy a vexation of spirit.....Old woman

KATY, a mischievous maid.....Soubrette

TOOTSY, the "Kid," Tim's olive branch.....Props.

SYNOPSIS

Act I. Place: Tim's country home on the Hudson near New York. Time: A breezy morning in September. The Captain's fancy takes a flight and trouble begins.

Act II. Place: the same. Time: the next morning. How one yarn requires another. "The greatest liar unhung." Now the trouble increases and the Captain prepares for war.

Act III. Place: the same. Time: Evening of the same day. More misery. A general muddle. "Dance or you'll die." Cornered at last. The Captain owns up. All serene.

Time of playing: Two hours.

Address Orders to

THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Digitized by Google

Hageman's Make-Up Book

By MAURICE HAGEMAN

Price, 25 cents

The importance of an effective make-up is becoming more apparent to the professional actor every year, but hitherto there has been no book on the subject describing the modern methods and at the same time covering all branches of the art. This want has now been filled. Mr. Hageman has had an experience of twenty years as actor and stage-manager, and his well-known literary ability has enabled him to put the knowledge so gained into shape to be of use to others. The book is an encyclopedia of the art of making up. Every branch of the subject is exhaustively treated, and few questions can be asked by professional or amateur that cannot be answered by this admirable hand-book. It is not only the best make-up book ever published, but it is not likely to be superseded by any other. It is absolutely indispensable to every ambitious actor.

CONTENTS

Chapter I. General Remarks.

Chapter II. Grease-Paints, their origin, components and use.

Chapter III. The Make-up Box. Grease-Paints, Mirrors, Face Powder and Puff, Exora Cream, Rouge, Liquid Color, Grenadine, Blue for the Eyelids, Brilliantine for the Hair, Nose Putty, Wig Paste, Mascaro, Crape Hair, Spirit Gum, Scissors, Artists' Stomps, Cold Cream, Cocoa Butter, Recipes for Cold Cream.

Chapter IV. Preliminaries before Making up; the Straight Make-up and how to remove it.

Chapter V. Remarks to Ladies. Liquid Creams, Rouge, Lips, Eyebrows, Eyelashes, Character Roles, Jewelry, Removing Make-up.

Chapter VI. Juveniles. Straight Juvenile Make-up, Society Men, Young Men in Ill Health, with Red Wigs, Rococo Make-up, Hands, Wrists, Cheeks, etc.

Chapter VII. Adults, Middle Aged and Old Men. Ordinary Type of Manhood, Lining Colors, Wrinkles, Rouge, Sickly and Healthy Old Age, Ruddy Complexions.

Chapter VIII. Comedy and Character Make-ups. Comedy Effects, Wigs, Beards, Eyebrows, Noses, Lips, Pallor of Death.

Chapter IX. The Human Features. The Mouth and Lips, the Eyes and Eyelids, the Nose, the Chin, the Ear, the Teeth.

Chapter X. Other Exposed Parts of the Human Anatomy.

Chapter XI. Wigs, Beards, Moustaches, and Eyebrows Choosing a Wig, Powdering the Hair, Dimensions for Wigs, Wig Bands, Bald Wigs, Ladies' Wigs, Beards on Wire, on Gauze, Crape Hair, Wool Beards for Tramps, Moustaches, Eyebrows.

Chapter XII. Distinctive and Traditional Characteristics. North American Indians, New England Farmers, Hoosiers, Southerners, Politicians, Cowboys, Minors, Quakers, Tramps, Creoles, Mulattoes, Quadroons, Octoroons, Negroes, Soldiers during War, Soldiers during Peace, Scouts, Pathfinders, Puritans, Early Dutch Settlers, Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, Frenchmen, Italians, Spaniards, Portuguese, South Americans, Scandinavians, Germans, Hollanders, Hungarians, Gipsies, Russians, Turks, Arabs, Moors, Caffirs, Abyssinians, Hindoos, Malays, Chinese, Japanese, Clowns and Statuary, Hebrews, Drunkards, Lunatics, Idiots, Misers, Rogues.

Address Orders to

THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Digitized by Google

PLAYS

And Entertainment Books.

BEING the largest theatrical booksellers in the United States, we keep in stock the most complete and best assorted lines of plays and entertainment books to be found anywhere.

We can supply any play or book published. We have issued a catalogue of the best plays and entertainment books published in America and England. It contains a full description of each play, giving number of characters, time of playing, scenery, costumes, etc. This catalogue will be sent free on application.

The plays described are suitable for amateurs and professionals, and nearly all of them may be played free of royalty. Persons interested in dramatic books should examine our catalogue before ordering elsewhere.

We also carry a full line of grease paints, face powders, hair goods, and other "make-up" materials.

The Dramatic Publishing Company
CHICAGO

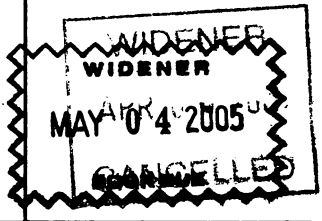
Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

The borrower must return this item on or before the last date stamped below. If another user places a recall for this item, the borrower will be notified of the need for an earlier return.

Non-receipt of overdue notices does not exempt the borrower from overdue fines.

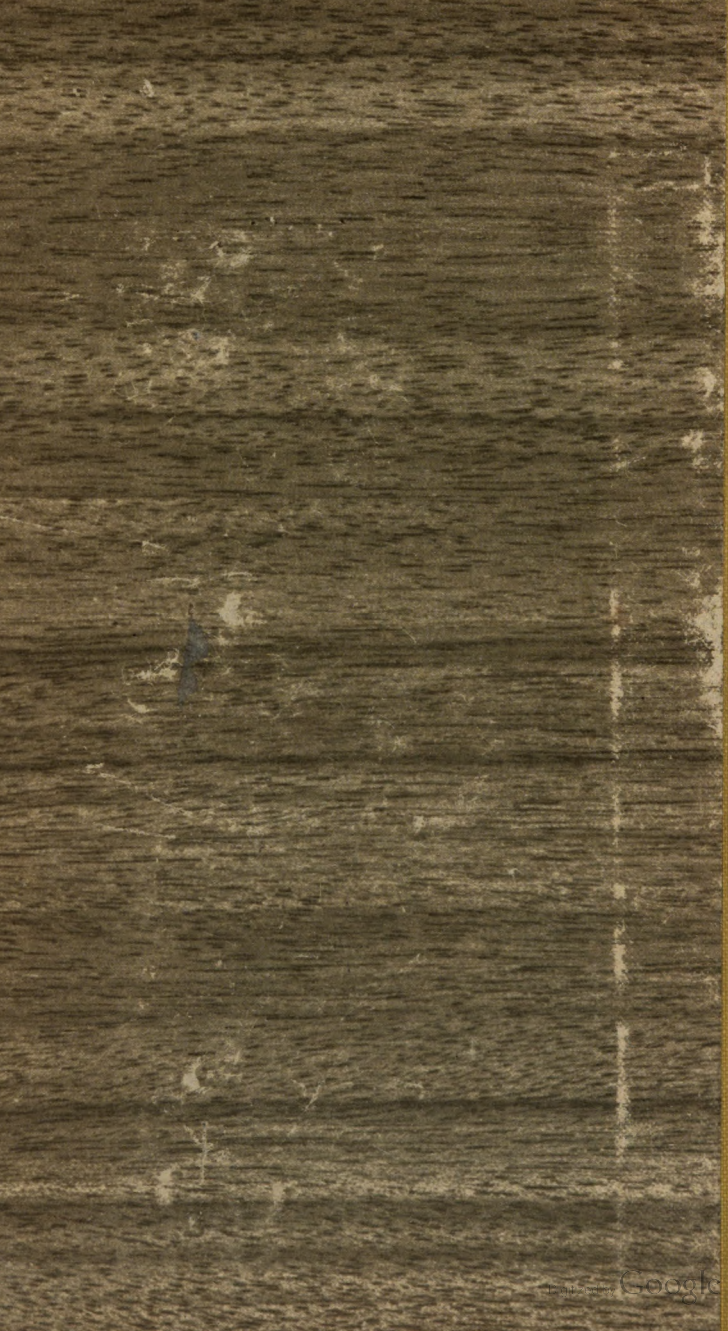
Harvard College Widener Library
Cambridge, MA 02138 617-495-2413



Please handle with care.
Thank you for helping to preserve library collections at Harvard.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google


Digitized by Google